THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE WHITE EAGLE OF POLAND.

Bird of the snowy crest, I fain would see thee,
Again amid thy brethren of the sky!
Low in the dust th' oppressor's chain hath bound thee,
But crushed and wounded, thou canst never die!

Freedom's own child, who dreams that thou canst perish,
While one true son of Poland clasps a sword?
Tyrants may mock, but we thy fame will cherish
Till thy departed glory be restored.

Come for a season, hide thy glittering pinion,
Within the temple of our pride and trust!
Its goddess smiles on thee, that spurns the minion
Whose knee, in base submission, meets the dust!

Poland! thy fame, thy deeds of martial glory
Shall, in the ark of freedom, long preside;
We love thy name, thy old heroic story,
Thine are our prayers whatever ills betide!

Original Novel.

THE OLD LOYALIST.

A Tale of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO."

"To write in such a manner wise,
Which may be wisdom to the wise,
And play to them that list to play."—*Gower.*

CHAPTER V.

"——He seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna."—*Paradise Lost.*

We left Colonel Harcourt and his niece immediately after the return of the party of dragoons which had pursued Ernest. A half hour had scarcely elapsed when the scene was further enlivened by the approach of a still larger body of horse, headed by an officer whose face struck Colonel Harcourt as not unfamiliar. The announcement of his guest's name removed every shadow of doubt from Colonel Harcourt's mind, and he greeted the young officer heartily as Captain Stanley, the son of a favorite old companion in arms.

"What!—Colonel Harcourt of whom I have heard my father so often speak—" exclaimed the stranger in reply. "Ah! this is indeed a happy meeting. Little did I think that I should meet here one to whom my parent has said he was indebted for his first lessons in arms. I need not ask about the loyalty of so gallant an officer, notwithstanding the occurrence of which I have heard," but noticing the look of anguish which shot over the face of the father at these words, though the expression faded even more rapidly than it came, he continued, "However, I seek no explanation. If the king had more such servants as you, my dear sir, this rebellion would soon expire for want of fuel."

"Say no more—" said the old man with dignity, every shade of anguish passing from his face, "I will not hide from you that the fugitive was my son, but since he has turned traitor to his monarch he is no more my child. He must meet the fate he has brought on himself."

"Nay—" began Stanley.

"Excuse me," said the parent, interrupting him, "we will change the subject," and a melancholy smile passed over his face. The guest saw that it would not do to press the matter further, and so led the conversation adroitly into other channels. The two officers were soon engaged in an interesting *tête-à-tête*, which remained uninterrupted till the evening meal was almost prepared, when Edith, recovered from her late agitation, and looking more lovely than ever, entered the room. At the sight of so beautiful an apparition, Captain Stanley rose and bowed, and speedily detaching himself from his host, established his chair by the side of Edith. Nor did he fail to interest her, difficult as was the undertaking at that moment. Indeed few men were so fascinating as Captain Stanley. Anecdote, wit, sentiment and poetry were made to contribute to his hearer's amusement, and the whole was spoken with that air of refinement, that easy indescribable grace which is always characteristic of one who has mingled as an equal in the most polished society. Then he had one of those low, musical voices; and his whole demeanor was irresistably frank. His beauty was manly and of the highest order. Altogether he was a companion such as Edith had rarely met with, and the skill with which he addressed his conversation to her peculiar mood of mind, soon drew her into an animated conversation which was protracted to the usual hour of retirement. As he sat between Colonel Harcourt and Edith, now lamenting the sad war which divided brother from brother, and now enlivening the evening with gay sallies of the Court of St. James, even the veteran, used as he had been to society, thought that he had never listened to a companion so entertaining. Yet notwithstanding all, Edith felt as if there was something about Stanley which repelled confidence, and she found herself more than once scrutinizing his remarks with a suspicion that appeared as unjust as it was unsuccessful. Still she could not divest herself of this feeling. Were not the old sages right, when they said that, at our first meeting with those who are to influence our fate, we experience an admiration or antipathy, just as they are to be our good or evil genius?

Stanley's was a character often met with in the atmosphere of courts, where the high finish of factitious politeness covers hearts of the most depraved nature. In early life he had been placed in the army, and left wholly to his own guidance, with talents and appearance to make him flattered, and high passions to tempt him continually to evil. He grew up dissolute, selfish and unprincipled, without one redeeming feature in his character. In his conduct to inferiors he was controlled by no principal human or divine. For female virtue he had no more respect than his fellow believers in the fashionable French school of morality, and in his narrower sphere he evinced all the licentiousness of the infamous Duke of Orleans or that royal voluptuary Louis the fifteenth. With a handsome appearance, and manners the most fascinating, Stanley had been enabled more than once to triumph over female innocence; and indeed on no point was his vanity more susceptible than in regard to his power over the sex. To his equals, however, he assumed that chivalrous courtesy which belonged to the Bayards of his age. Thus he had two characters, a real and a fictitious one, and perhaps in nothing was his acknowledged ability more perceptible than in the ease with which he assumed the false character, and maintained it consistently down to the minutest detail. Even Colonel Harcourt, whom few men could have deceived, regarded his young guest as possessing not only the high finish of a gentleman of the day, but the strength and rectitude of principle which the old loyalist deemed even more important.

The hour was late when the little group separated for the evening. Stanley retired to his allotted chamber, and, as his servant was occupied in the usual duty of a valet, he said to this individual, who made it his business to pander to all his master's vices and who was a fit attendant on such an employer.

"A rare beauty, John, I have found here in these woods. By Jove! one would never have thought of seeking for a mistress in a place like this;" and then, as his servant looked up with an air of importance, the master continued—"You have been at your business, I see, you knave—what have you picked up?"

The servant then proceeded to relate what he had learned in the kitchen respecting the family history for the last two years. He concluded by saying,

"So, your honor sees, the niece will get all the money, the son being disinherited. A pretty pill it is, too, they tell me in the hall."

"I know that," said Stanley, "I have often heard my father speak of Colonel Harcourt as a very wealthy man, and but three removes from an earldom. I, faith, his niece will be a prize," he continued, and then fell into a reverie. After several minutes of silence he looked up and said,

"By George, what a sensation she would create in court! I'm in love with this angel, John!"

"So your honor says of them all," quietly responded the valet.

"But I'm serious now. Besides, funds have got deucedly low, and I must replenish somehow. If I could get this old fellow's estate, I wouldn't mind taking it encumbered with the niece. The son's out of the way entirely."

"But they say below that the young folks have a sort of affection for each other, and I heard something of an engagement, though it appears the Colonel knows nothing of it, and thinks their liking is only cousinly, your honor."

"Pshaw! these are straws, you villain, and you know it. No woman ever yet could resist a certain Captain Stanley, if he determined to win her love. Bah! it's a plain game. I must be all that is loyal, high-principled, courteous, and dignified to the old man; and for the niece I must sympathise now and then with these rebels, and pay her whatever attention I shall find her character and opinions may require," and with these words he dismissed his servant for the night.

The next morning, no one would have discovered, in the graceful and refined officer who paid the compliments of the day to Edith, the same individual who had on the preceding evening, called his valet into his council. The conversation, at the breakfast table, ranged over a great variety of subjects,—but was principally shared between Stanley and his host. Edith looked pale and was silent, notwithstanding Stanley exerted his utmost skill to draw her out from her reserve. She knew that a battle was at hand, in which Ernest perhaps might fall. Besides the malediction of her uncle which had placed an impassable barrier between her and Ernest, yet rung in her ears; and though she was resolved to follow the course which her duty pointed out, yet the sacrifice of her dearest affection, was not made without a struggle. Unwilling that her uncle should divine her sorrow, she had borne up on the preceding evening, but when she retired to her chamber, she gave free vent to her tears. All night she had wept and prayed alternately. She felt indeed that for her the spring of life was broken—and that henceforth existence would be a dark and dreary waste. Towards morning, exhausted nature had asserted her claim, and the poor girl fell into a broken slumber, which, however, yielded her little relief. No wonder, therefore, that she appeared at the breakfast table pale and dispirited. Luckily her uncle attributed her languid looks to her temporary illness on the preceding day. Even if he had known the full extent of Edith's sufferings, his false notions of duty would have prevented him from recalling the curse with which he had visited his son. His stern loyalty would sooner have laid both his children in the grave, than have suffered him to purchase their happiness by overlooking what he deemed the treason of Ernest. God knows! this is indeed a world of sin, when a parent can act thus, and think he does aright.

"We must be in the saddle at once," said Stanley, when the morning meal was finished; "I need not tell you that a battle, Colonel Harcourt, is at hand. Nor need I ask on whose side your prayers will be—may I speak as assuredly of those of your sweet niece?" and he turned smiling to Edith. She crimsoned to the brow, and answered in embarrassment. But the aim of Stanley had been gained. He saw that his valet had been right when he hinted that the affections of Edith were pre-engaged.

"I will not be foiled though," thought the young officer, "for I have never yet met with a defeat, when I resolved to conquer. No, this proud beauty shall be mine—the more, because she seems somewhat to slight me. What! shall I yield to a raw country rebel, as this hopeful son of my host is! Never! Come weal or woe Edith Ellison shall be mine."

But though these thoughts were passing through his mind, his manner continued as bland as ever, and he rode away gaily after his company, the beau ideal of a gallant officer. His last words were,

"Pray remember, Colonel, that we quarter next week in Philadelphia, where I hope to meet you and your lovely niece, for I much fear that your situation, if you remain here, will expose you to many annoyances, which the king's troops, however much they may try, cannot wholly prevent. But in Philadelphia you will be among friends, and Sir William especially will be pleased at your presence. After we have taken the capital, the war must speedily come to an end. Then you can return, if you so wish, to this enchanting spot; though I flatter myself that, in the meantime, means may be found to retain your valuable services in the pacification of the colonies."

"I have myself thought of what you say," answered his host, "and as the country around me is highly disaffected, and as I shall enjoy less peace than ever after this day's work, I shall adopt your suggestion. For Edith's sake, if not for my own, I would avoid the distraction of this contest; and in Philadelphia, if anywhere, we can enjoy quiet."

"Right glad am I to hear your determination. But there goes the trumpet, and Cornwallis must be already on the road. Ere night we hope to scatter the rebel army to the four winds of heaven. Ah! your fair niece I see is at the window—so I will waive sending my compliments," and kissing his hand to Edith, and bowing his head until the plumes of his helmet mingled with his horse's mane, Stanley bade his host again farewell, and galloped forward to overtake his company, the last of which, by this time, had attained the turn in the road.

We have already narrated the events of that day. Edith heard, with a trembling heart, the distant cannonade; and her evening was spent in prayer and tears; for the excitement which reigned in the house prevented any one from thinking of their ordinary meals. Late in the evening, one of the men servants, who had been despatched for information, brought intelligence of the defeat of the Americans, with an exaggerated account of their losses. Poor Edith! how her heart beat as he narrated the story, for she feared, at every pause, the next word would tell of her lover's fall. But she was doomed to remain in uncertainty. That night she retired, ignorant whether Ernest was alive or dead. Ah! little do we know of the agony suffered, after battle, by those, who, ignorant of the fate of a husband, father or lover, hope and yet dread the worst.

The feelings of the father we shall not pretend to analyze. They were of a mixed and contradictory character. He experienced many yearnings of affection for his son, and was not without curiosity to learn his fate, but these feelings he soon brought into subjection to his stern sense of what he considered his duty.

"No," he said to himself, as he paused in the middle of his chamber, which he had been pacing for some time, "I cannot longer indulge these feelings. My duty to my king and to my God is imperative; and it must be performed at whatever sacrifice to my own selfish love. A traitor!—from this hour I shut him out from my heart and thoughts. He has departed from his father's faith and house, and he is no more a child of mine. And yet," continued the old man, a gush of natural emotion asserting its supremacy, "and yet oh! Absalom my son—oh! Absalom," and bursting into tears he wept like David of old.

And Ernest!—as he lay in his cloak, the night after the battle, and saw the stars shining calmly high up in heaven, how his thoughts reverted to the happy hours, now gone forever, when he and Edith gazed together on those same bright luminaries. Alas! such moments of felicity would never be his again. An exile from his father's heart, with an impassable barrier between him and his cousin, what further had he to hope or live for in this world! Nothing, but a glorious death, won in the foremost ranks of his country's array. For him henceforth, that country should be home, parent, mistress, all. Thus thought the young soldier. Ah! how little of human charity would have restored happiness to these three hearts, now pining in misery.

CHAPTER VI.

Iago.—I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.
Othello.—Not a jot, not a jot.

We shall not follow the evolutions of the hostile armies during the fortnight that elapsed between the Battle of Brandywine, and the entrance of Sir William Howe into Philadelphia. It is sufficient for our purpose to say, that neither Congress, nor Washington, considered that battle decisive, and it was resolved to risk another blow for the safety of the Capital. Accordingly the army was marched from Chester, through Darby, and over the Schuylkill bridge, to its old position near the falls of that river. The National Legislature passed vigorous resolutions for reinforcing the army, and the commander-in-chief was directed to complete as rapidly as possible, the defences of the Delaware. After reposing for a day, the American force was again put in motion, and pushed forward on the Lancaster road to gain the left wing of the enemy, with the intention of giving him battle. When, however, Washington reached the Warren tavern, twenty-three miles from Philadelphia, his scouts brought in intelligence that Howe was approaching in two columns, and accordingly, surrendering as impossible, the attempt to occupy the ground he had originally contemplated, the American commander resolved to meet his enemy in front. The advanced parties had already met, and there was some smart skirmishing going on when a heavy storm set in, effectually concealing the combatants from each others' sight, and putting an end to the contest. The rain fell in torrents, the wind blew fiercely and incessantly, the gullies ran with torrents of water, and the roads and fields were so heavy as to be almost impassable. This interference of nature prevented the resumption of the contest. It was soon found, moreover, that the gun-locks from being badly secured, and the cartridges from the boxes being inartificially constructed, had been rendered unfit for use; and under these circumstances a retreat was ordered, which was kept up all day, and most of the night, the cold, biting rain continuing without intermission. When at length the army reached the Yellow Springs, wet, dispirited and worn out, it was found that scarcely a musket in a regiment was fit for use. Had the enemy pursued the retiring patriots, the whole army must have fallen a prey to the royal general. But that Providence who presides over the destinies of nations, and who led the children of Israel with a cloud by day, and fire by night, did not desert Washington in this extremity, but suffered his retreat to pass unobserved or unmolested.

The discovery of the waste of ammunition induced the commander-in-chief to retreat on French creek, around which post a series of evolutions took place that resulted in the crossing of the Schuylkill by the British, below the American position. It was while these manœuvres were in the course of execution, that the division of Wayne, then lying near the Paoli tavern, was betrayed to Sir William Howe by some of the disaffected inhabitants, and a party under the command of General Gray detached, who surprised his enemy, driving in the American picquets with charged bayonets, and slaughtering many of the troops in their beds. Howe, having now got between Washington and Philadelphia, the capture of the Capital inevitably followed. On the twenty-sixth of September, exactly a month and a day after having landed at the head of Elk, the British army entered Philadelphia as conquerors, filling the patriotic inhabitants with gloom, and producing a correspondent exultation on the part of those who were hostile to liberty.

During these transactions Stanley, though occupied often in the field, did not forget the project he had formed respecting Edith's hand. Her ample fortune inflamed his mercenary feelings, while her beauty had produced an effect on him such as he thought impossible. It was not love, however,—that pure and holy emotion which angels might entertain—which he experienced for Edith. The passion that had taken possession of his bosom was of a far grosser character, and sought rather for the gratification of his baser nature. He seized every occasion, and these were by no means rare, while the army remained in the open country, to visit her, under pretence of renewing with Col. Harcourt the old family intercourse. With the uncle he was always a welcome, and finally a favored visitor. In what light Edith regarded him it was more difficult for him to discover. No one, however, could have played his part more adroitly than Stanley, and had not Edith already given her affections to another, it is possible that the graceful manners and high principles of Stanley might have won an interest in her heart. But her love for Ernest, though concealed with maiden modesty, and as yet wholly unobserved by her uncle, could not escape the scrutiny of Stanley, especially after his suspicions had been aroused by his valet, and by her embarrassment on the morning of the battle. He had flattered himself, at first, that her preference for Ernest would soon yield before his arts, but, after repeated visits to Harcourt Hall, he was forced to confess his total want of success.

"By heaven! I will not thus be foiled," he exclaimed, one evening as he sat alone in his room, "this lovely creature must be, aye! shall be mine, even if all hell should oppose me. I am well nigh desperate in my finances, and her fortune would set me right with a single stroke of the pen. The uncle is favorable, and then there is only this cursed cousin, this young whelp of a rebel in my way. I see," he continued, knitting his brow, and grinding his teeth passionately together, "that she loves him, loves him wholly, and that there will be no hope of winning her as long as he lives. Would that I had him here, his body and my cold steel should soon be acquainted." And then for a minute he was silent. "I might forget all, but I love this girl—aye! how madly and devotedly God knows. By what strange fascination has she attained this power over me? I, who have withstood the charms of the fair ladies of St. James, and smiled on the gay Parisian dames, to become the idolater of a country girl, brought up in a province, with no tutor but a martinet old uncle, and no companion but a clownish cousin—away with the thought. But shall I be foiled by him?—*him?*—by the fame of my ancestors, no! There lies my gage on it," he exclaimed, flinging his glove on the table, as if his rival had been present to see the defiance, "and one of us two must die in this struggle. Wed Edith Ellison I will, though heaven and earth array themselves against me. I will spare no labor, and disregard no means, and if I fail," and he looked proudly up, "it will be more than I have ever done in any serious undertaking before. But my mouth is as dry as Sahara! you varlet—wine."

The elevation of voice in which he spoke this last sentence brought his valet to the door, who, on hearing his master's command, disappeared for a few minutes, and returned bearing a couple of flasks. Stanley instantly poured out a goblet, and quaffed it at a draught.

"Did not Stetson," he said, as if a thought had suddenly struck him, "come in and report himself to-day? He has been a prisoner with the rebels, ever since that affair at the Brandywine, and has just made his escape." The valet nodded. "Then send him up. I wish to see him alone."

The valet disappeared, and Stanley threw himself back in his chair. He raised his hand to his forehead a minute, as if in thought, and then a triumphant smile, in which, however, there was a tinge of mockery, stole over his classic features. At the sound of approaching footsteps the smile passed away, and he resumed his usual demeanor. The next moment the valet re-entered, followed by a burly trooper, whose face had once possessed uncommon beauty, though now partially obliterated by the long indulgence in evil and malignant passions.

"You may depart, John," said Stanley, waving his hand to his valet.

"Well, Stetson," said he, as soon as he was left alone with the trooper, "so you have come back without waiting on exchange—I suppose the rebel prisons are scarcely more agreeable than the hulks in which we stifle the spawn of Washington at New York, eh!"

"Not so bad as that, either, by ——," said the man, "for I will do these fellows the justice to say that they give their prisoners more comfortable quarters than we do,—but that's neither here or there. Your honor wishes to see me privately, and I suppose there is some more game afoot," and he chuckled familiarly, a liberty which nothing but his value as a tool to his master, would have excused in Stanley's eyes. His superior on this occasion, said nothing, but knowing Stetson's infirmity, poured out a bumper of wine, and handed it to the trooper.

"Drink that," he said, "and with it success to our enterprise."

The man drained the glass to the last drop, and then looked at the flask, without setting down the goblet. Stanley understood the silent gesture and refilled the glass, which Stetson again drank off without a pause. But this time he put the goblet down.

"A dry wheel never turns," he said apologetically, wiping his mouth with the cuff of his sleeve. "And now I am ready for business."

"Do you know Harcourt's," said Stanley, "where we stopped the night before the battle of Brandywine? I see you do. Well, there is a pretty girl there, with whom you must become acquainted, or rather with whom I believe you are acquainted, and must become intimate. She is the maid of Mistress Edith, the old man's niece. You are a dashing looking fellow when you choose to be, and have a tongue to help you on. I have heard that you are quite a *roue* in your way,"—the man smiled.—"I know I can confide in you. To-morrow I shall go over to Harcourt Hall, when you shall accompany me. Make yourself agreeable to the maid as quickly and as effectually as possible, and then adroitly turn the conversation on this young Harcourt, who is in the American Camp. As a matter of course, having been a prisoner there, you have heard the rumors which are prevalent respecting his dissolute habits."

Up to this point, though the trooper had listened with marked attention, evidently treasuring up every word of Stanley's directions, there had been an expression of blank wonder on his face, as if he was unable to divine the exact drift of his instructions, but now, the look of uncertainty broke away, and he emitted a long, low whistle, unchecked by his superior's presence. Stanley could not avoid a smile; while the trooper gave way to a smothered laugh.

"You understand me," said Stanley.

"I do; and it's the very devil's trick you've hit upon. Whew! I might have thought of it for months, and such a play wouldn't have occurred to me. But this comes of blood and learning I suppose. Howsomever, I'm ready, and can win the game by trumps now. I'll be as thick as ale with Mistress Margaret—that's her name I believe—long before this time to-morrow night."

"I knew you could be depended on; and here's a couple of guineas for you. Your reward shall be doubled when your tale reaches the proper ears."

"Ay! I understand. This Lieutenant Harcourt is as dissolute a knave as there is in the American camp," he continued with an ironical smile, "and boasts high and low of the favor in which he stands in the eyes of a certain Mistress Edith Ellison."

"By St. George, your wit is on the spur, *that* is the very tale to answer my purposes. But go now. Be silent and speedy. Introduce the subject adroitly, and the guineas are yours."

"By ——," said Stetson, as he left the door, "was there ever such an infernal villain! I have done dirty work for him before, but nothing as black as this. Why the devil himself would be ashamed to win a mistress by such means. However it is all the same to me. Give me gold to buy pleasure and I will do the fiend's bidding. Guineas don't rain every day, and the girl must marry somebody I suppose. There are other ways of killing a dog besides choking him to death with bread and butter," and with this proverb he left the house, and broke into a popular song, as he wended his way towards his quarters.

Stanley watched the trooper's figure until the door closed behind it, when that triumphant, mocking smile again broke on his fine features. He poured out a goblet of wine and began sipping it complacently.

"Ah!" he said at length, putting the glass on the table, "I have check-mated my rival. To what divinity am I indebted for this lucky thought? A day or two to let the poison work; and then the field will be clear before me. To-morrow I will be all that the fair Edith's imagination can desire, so that when at night, she hears of her lover's supposed perfidy, she will contrast us together, with all due allowances in my favor. Then, in a few days, I will return, and having already won the first place in her uncle's favor, propose in due form for her hand. Time, Colonel Harcourt's persuasion, and pique at her lover's conduct will do the rest; and then, when once she is mine, she cannot help but love me."

The next day, pursuant to his plan, Stanley rode over to Harcourt Hall attended by Stetson instead of his usual valet. He was received with marked favor by the Colonel, while Edith appeared to listen to him with more than usual interest. Never indeed had Stanley appeared to more advantage in her eyes; and when she retired for the night, the thought unwittingly came into her bosom, that next to Ernest, the English captain was certainly the most agreeable of men. Stanley, with a perfection of art to which only he could have attained, relying on the shock she was to receive on retiring, had taken occasion, when her uncle was out for a few moments, to mention incidentally, and as if she would look on it only as a piece of common news, that her cousin had come in with a flag of truce the preceding day and was well. This information lightened the anxious heart of Edith, and she entered her chamber singing gaily.

"Well, Margaret, why so sad?" she said playfully to her maid, who filled also the place of a humble companion.

"Alas! Mistress Edith, I have heard that which makes me sad. But I ought not to mention it to you, surely. Oh! that there ever should be deceivers," and the girl betrayed unusual distress.

"But what is all this about?" said Edith, kindly taking Margaret's hand. "You have no sister and must confide in me. I do not understand your grief, though I see by your countenance that something pains you."

"Oh!" replied Margaret, bursting into tears, "it is not about me, but you, my dear mistress; and therefore I weep the more to think how you would soothe me, and that I cannot do the same for you, but must break your heart by telling you what I have heard."

"Now, for the love of heaven, speak!" said Edith dreadfully agitated, "has any thing happened to Ernest? Tell me all—I can bear it. Is he dead?"

"No, no—not that."

"Then," said Edith with a long breath, as if relieved from some dreadful suspense. "Is he wounded?"

"No—he is unhurt; but—but."

"Speak, I command you."

Thus urged, Margaret whispered a few words in the ears of Edith, which drove the color instantaneously from her cheek, and prostrated her, the next moment, fainting on the floor.

"Oh! I have killed her—I have murdered my dear mistress," said Margaret wildly, "Never ought I to have told her the dreadful tale, and yet how could I keep that secret which was burning my heart like red-hot iron, oh!" she continued, unlacing Edith's stays, and sprinkling her pale face with water, "speak and forgive me, dear, dear mistress."

For a long time the passionate entreaties, and the trembling though assiduous efforts of the girl were in vain, but, at length, Edith slowly opened her eyes with a sigh and looked around her. It was still some moments before she was fully revived, when Margaret began to beg forgiveness what for she had told.

"There is no need of forgiveness," said Edith with a smile. "You did what I commanded you and what was perfectly proper. Say nothing of this," and then, after a moment's pause, she said with a flashing eye and curling lip, "—to herd with the most depraved of earth, and boast to them that he has Edith Ellison at his beck!" and again her voice and look changed as she continued, "Oh! I could not have believed this from other lips. But what motive could this trooper have to deceive Margaret? Alas! alas! it is too true."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From the Magazines.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.

LINES UPON LETTERS.

BY R. SIMMONS.

"In his last hours, as he opened a note which his servant brought to him, he said, '*An odd thought strikes me; we shall receive no letters in the grave.*'"—Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

Yes!—mid the unutterable dread
With which both Flesh and Spirit shrink,
When the stern Angel of the Dead
Impels us to the Future's brink—
While all is hurry, doubt, dismay,
Life's footing crumbling fast away,
And vast, long silent, dark and fell,
Across the memory flitting yell,
Even then that Sage's transient thought
Some pangs at least the soul can save,
For be what may our awful lot,
No letters reach us in the grave.

Letters from Home—we 're spared at last
A longing, lingering watch to keep,
And when th' expected post is past
And brings them not, to shrink and *weep*,
And count how many hours remain
Before that post comes round again:
Or bitterer still to break the seals,
Sick for the love no line reveals,
Striving to wrest cold Duty's words
To heart-born tenderness and truth,
As if existence shatter'd chords
Could yield the music of our youth!

A Patron's letters;—never more
To feel them mock our honest pride,
With all the bard denounced of yore—
The curse "in suing long to bide,"*
Never again to know th' intense
And feverish anguish of suspense,
When the cool, final, brief reply,
As yet unopen'd, meets the eye—
One moment more—and all we dread
May whelm us like a drowning wave,
Our doom—hope, health, and fortune fled
And drift in darkness to the grave.

No letters *there!*—not even the small
Rose-scented one that dared not come
By day, but stole at evening's fall,
When every tell-tale breeze was dumb,
Asking the soul's dark gates of sin
To let the Writer's image in.
How, when that tiny billet came,
Our breath heaved thick, our blood grew flame,
As swift we started to assume
The muffling cloak and secret knife,
And glided down the glen's long gloom,
Though Danger dogg'd our life!

No letters in the grave. We're free
From Friendship's smooth effusions *there*,
From Him in whose fidelity
As in a jewel-casket rare,
The heart was wont in every shock
Its secret thoughts, like gems, to lock
The supple knave, who, when dismay
And outcry howl'd around our way,
And most our errors ask'd a guide
Was then himself the first to fly,
And leave us, plunder'd, to the tide
Remorseless tempest thund'ring by.

The grave!—when once that goal is won,
Ye lesser agonies adieu!
The daily letter from the dun—
The monthly admonition too,
From Hood or North, regretting much
Our pen grows palsied in its touch,
Or begging henceforth to decline
Our famous things in Dickens' line
Their reign is o'er those Kings of men,
True sons of Tonson and of Cave—
No brief epistles need we pen,
Subscribed "*Impransus*"—in the grave.

And Thou—immortal Moralist!
To whom my illease owes this rhyme
Though unto thee no more exist
The clouds, tear fraught, of earthly time,
Oh, 'midst the prate of modern fools,
Whose envious spite, by pigmy rules,
Would dare thy mighty mind to span,
And underrate its giant plan
Could'st thou but mark what strength to bear,
What tameless power, what purpose brave,
Some Few still learn from thy career,
'Twould soothe thee, even beyond the grave.

* "Full little knowest thou that hast not tryed
What hell it is in sueing long to byde," &c.—Spenser.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK, FOR AUGUST.

CHARITY OF THE WORLD.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

A brilliant society was assembled in the drawing-room of the famous banker Fitz Harding, one of the fortunate *millionaires* of Belgrave Square. Seven had struck, and a servant in gorgeous livery had uttered those words so sweet to the ear of the impatient gastronome, "dinner is on the table."

I shall not describe the dining-room of a *millionaire*—the sanctuary within which are labored out so many conceptions and projects, so many revolutionists, financial and political. Neither will I describe the royal magnificence of a feast which might have shamed those of Lucullus. Let it suffice to state, that Fitz Harding, on that day, did the honors of his table to a foreign diplomatist, whose protection he sought for the conclusion of a loan to the secretary-general of a ministerial department, whose position enabled him to facilitate the adjudication of a great enterprise; and to three provincial members of parliament, whose vote might have the effect of enriching his native country with a canal, which should pour abundance and fertility into the coffers of the insatiable contractor. And this short enumeration of the principal guests is equivalent to the bill of fare.

Lady Emily Fitz Harding, blazing with diamonds, and brilliant in youth and beauty, presided with grace and liveliness. Amiable and smiling, she replied with equal address to the flatteries of the secretary-general, and the madrigals of the foreign diplomatist. Every one was in the happiest vein. Sallies of fancy flew about with champagne corks; the provincial members were as noisy as during one of O'Connell's speeches; and the banker himself was almost a wit.

All things had been discussed, and all subjects exhausted, from Bulwer's last novel to Mrs. Trollope's amusing impertinences, (in addition to those of the loan, the contract and the canal,) when the conversation fell on the subject of benevolence, connected with a charitable ball; a fancy-ball which was to collect together the flower of London society. Lady Fitz Harding was one of the lady patronesses of this great ball, which was to take place within a fortnight. Many sayings were uttered, wise and foolish, on the subject of charity, of the poor, of dancing philanthropy, and benevolence in *entrechats*—that great invention of modern times. The tear stood in Fitz Harding's eye as he spoke of the families of the destitute, who had no prop and no provision but the sensibility of the rich. As for Lady Emily, she was sublime. "Of what value was opulence but to soothe distress!" Between the second course and the dessert, she had got rid of forty tickets. "She only wished she could dispose of two hundred: not from vanity, thank heaven; that was a feeling which she had never known; but from pity to the unfortunate orphans, who she loved to call her children,—her family."

"Dear Emily!" said the banker, "it is so rich a pleasure to her to succour the wretched. It is her only joy!"

"Ah! you flatter me," quoth Lady Emily, "I do it for your pleasure; for you are happy only when you are doing good!"

At this moment, a servant entered, and announced to Fitz Harding that some one wished to speak to him.

"At this hour!" said the banker angrily. "You know well, John, that I see no one while I am engaged at table."

The servant drew nearer to his master, and whispered, "It is Mr. Hopkins."

At that name Fitz Harding rose, begged his guests to excuse him, and passed into his study.

A little man dressed in black, there awaited the banker. Beneath his arm he carried a huge bundle of papers.

"Excuse me if I disturb you," said Mr. Hopkins, "but I can only come at this hour, or early in the morning, which would disturb you still more; and as you will not admit of any intermediary in the little matter which you have intrusted to me"—

"To the point, to the point, Mr. Hopkins!"

"Would you believe, Mr. Fitz Harding, that I left my office this morning at seven o'clock, and that I have not yet dined! I have made fifteen seizures to-day."

"To the point, I beg of you. I am engaged. Have you at length brought me some money? Shall I obtain my rights from these insolvent debtors?"

"I fear not sir, at least unless you proceed to extremities—the sale of their goods, or capture of their bodies. But your sensibility"—

"You know very well, sir, that there is no such thing in matters of business. Besides, I have not had recourse to your agency but because I had to deal with dishonest persons, who are able to pay."

"They say not."

"So you have got nothing? Nothing from Mrs. Higgins the milliner? She has owed me eighteen pounds for this year past."

"Nothing."

"What is the state of the affair?"

"We have got judgment and execution; the sale is for Wednesday, but I wished to see you before issuing bills."

"The sale must proceed."

"She asks three months' forbearance. She is wholly without resources, and will be compelled to abandon her business. Her husband, who held a small situation in the bank, is dead of cholera; and she is left destitute, with three young children."

"Oh! she says her husband is dead of cholera? I can ascertain that, through my wife, who is a member of the committee of orphans. In the mean time, issue the bills at any rate."

"Very well, sir."

"And that young man, M'Farlane—he who reads memoirs to the Mechanics' Institute—has he yet untied his purse strings?"

"Alas! sir, the purse must be but poorly furnished, if I may judge by his goods."

"Nevertheless, he must pay the forty pounds."

"Forty pounds! My good sir, the debt is now sixty-five pounds thirteen shillings, including interest and cost. The poor young man will never be able to pay."

"He must, however. I don't understand being trifled with thus. Besides, Mr. M'Farlane has a place."

"He had one; a situation of eighty pounds a year in the custom-house."

"What! he has it no longer?"

"You ordered me to attach his salary, and he has consequently been deprived of his office."

"So I have no longer any security!" cried the banker. "Mr. Hopkins, you will proceed in this matter with the utmost rigor. I know that M'Farlane has resources—he has talents."

"Unproductive talents."

"I cannot help that. They who have unproductive talents should not incur debts. Mr. Hopkins, you will proceed."

"Everything has been done; there remains nothing but the seizure."

"That you will make then."

"To frighten him?"

"No! To sell."

"His furniture is not worth more than ten pounds."

"Mr. Hopkins, I have duties to fulfil. In this matter I act not for myself alone. M'Farlane is indebted to the heirs of my father-in-law. It it affected no other than my wife I would wait—you know me sufficiently to be convinced of that. But this debt interests equally my brother-in-law, the Earl of Richdale, and my sister-in-law, the wife of General Huntingdon. You will proceed."

"As you desire, sir."

"You know well, Mr. Hopkins," added the banker, as he let out the officer, "that I am not a merciless man. I have waited long for these debts; but there is an end to all things. Besides, I tell you in confidence, that I have promised the little sums whose collection I have entrusted to you, to my wife, who wishes to contribute them to the benevolent institution of our county, for she is a lady of charity. Good-day, Mr. Hopkins."

At this instant the noise of the dance reached them, and the melodious orchestra of Willis flung its joyous harmonies into the banker's study. Fitz Harding hastily regained his rich saloons.

It was a delicious fete—an intoxicating route—a true millionaire's ball. The leaders of finance, the lords of diplomacy, all the world of fashion, were met together in this brilliant assemblage. A thousand lustres shed their dazzling light on women sparkling with the ornaments of dress and loveliness. The crowded masses of the happy and the powerful moved, to the sound of harmonious music, through chambers embellished with all the appliances of luxury, and all the wonders of art. At two o'clock a magnificent repast varied the pleasure of the night, and astonished, by its tasteful magnificence, guests accustomed to the prodigal splendor of ministerial tables. The day had dimmed the brilliancy of the lamps, while yet the dance continued,—while a magic and seducing galopade swept in its whirling course that gilded and smiling crowd, and offered to the charming eyes a moving circle of women, of diamonds, and of flowers. I forgot to mention that at the close of the supper, Lady Emily Fitz Harding had already disposed of her two hundred tickets for the charity ball.

Let us leave this scene of happiness and of pleasure, and transport ourselves to the fourth story of a dismal abode in one of the obscure streets adjoining Belgrave Square. After a night of watching and labor, a young man, seated before a small deal table, covered with papers, books, and mathematical instruments, near a fire-place, in which a few miserable embers yet glowed, had yielded to fatigue, and fallen asleep with his head drooped upon his breast. An almost expiring lamp cast a dim light upon the pallid and melancholy face of the student. An open door presented to view within another chamber, a wretched bed, on which lay an elderly lay, whose thin and wrung features spoke of sickness and pain. The poverty of the humble dwelling was slightly disguised by its exceeding cleanliness. A few old articles of furniture, the broken relics of former independence, saddened the eye by their ruined elegance. A dog, extended at his master's feet, had just awakened at the first ray of the sun, and looked up at the sleeping youth with an earnest and protecting look. Suddenly the door-bell rang; the dog sprang hastily up and uttered a low bark, which he at once stifled as he looked towards the bed of the old woman. "Silence, Blucher," said the young man, waking up and rubbing his eyes. "Surely there was a ring at my door;—who comes so early?" and he proceeded to open it.

It was Mr. Hopkins—the man in black, with the bundle of papers, and the gentle manner and mien. But Mr. Hopkins, this time, was not alone. He was accompanied by two other men, in one of whom M'Farlane recognized the porter of a neighboring house.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Hopkins, bowing. "You do not recognize me, though I have already had the honor of speaking with you several times. I come for payment of the forty pounds (exclusive of costs) which you owe to the Richdale estate."

M'Farlane started.

"And unless I am paid this morning, I shall be under the painful necessity, according to my orders from Mr. Fitz Harding, to proceed to execution."

M'Farlane felt his heart cease to beat. He thought of his old mother, who lay sick before him, and now slept quietly on the bed which they were about to sell. His step staggered, and the cold sweat stood on his brow.

Before proceeding, and during the time that Hopkins makes the inventory, let me explain the origin of this debt, and inform the reader how the poor youth became indebted to the heirs of the Earl of Richdale, for forty pounds.

In the Earl of Richdale, the father of Lady Emily, scientific acquirements of the first order, enhanced the lustre of titles and wealth. In few words, he was one of the distinguished men of his day, the most, and the most deservedly honored.

An important work published by M'Farlane, and some remarkable memoirs read by him to the Mechanics' Institute, had attracted towards this youth the attention of the distinguished old man, and an acquaintance, sought by the earl, had risen between them.

In a short time, an actual benefit conferred, brought, if possible, increased claims upon the gratitude of M'Farlane. An office became vacant in the custom-house, and the Earl of Richdale procured it for his *protegé*. The income was small, but the appointment honorable; and it yielded enough, with the produce of some literary compositions, to put M'Farlane in a position to provide for his aged mother a quiet subsistence, and to continue in peace the profound labors to which he had dedicated his future life.

Arrived at the accomplishment of his wishes, M'Farlane had now scarcely any thing to desire, when an unfortunate circumstance arose to trouble the calm of his life, and surrender him a prey to the deepest anxiety. Security, imprudently given, for an unworthy friend, who deceived him, placed him in the most harrassing position, and threatened even his personal liberty.

At this painful moment a letter was brought him. He recognized the hand-writing of the Earl of Richdale as he broke the seal; but who shall express the feelings with which he found, within the envelope, a check for forty pounds, accompanied by the following lines:—

"A common friend has informed me of the difficulty in which your too confiding generosity has involved you. Your repose must not be broken, nor the labors, which are of equal importance to your own renown, and to the interests of science, interrupted, for a miserable sum like this. Accept the enclosed. It is the amount which you require. I am happy to have the opportunity of serving you. Consider it but as a loan; you shall repay it when you are able. Take it if you wish that I should pardon your not having confided your difficulty to me."

Who shall tell that which passed in the soul of M'Farlane, as he read this note? Filled with the warmest gratitude, but resolved on refusing the obligation, he hastened to the mansion of the earl. He thanked him with tears, while he urged him to receive back the generous subsidy, but the earl pressed him with such earnest friendship, and contrived so well to overcome the delicate scruples of the young man, that M'Farlane yielded at length to his entreaties, stipulating only that he should sign a receipt for the sum, and an engagement to repay it in a year.

"With all my heart," said the noble old man, with a smile.

The year passed. M'Farlane had reckoned for the discharge of his obligation, upon the sale of a treatise on geometry; but circumstances appeared unfavorable to the publisher who was to purchase it. On the day when his engagement fell due, M'Farlane presented himself timidly, with his apologies, before the Earl of Richdale.

"What!" said the old man, "thinking still of that trifle? Mr. M'Farlane, if you speak of it again to me, it must be a quarrel between us."

Three more years passed, during which M'Farlane, more favored of fame than of fortune, gained daily more and more the esteem of the learned, and above all, of the Earl of Richdale, who ceased not to honor him with his confidence and friendship. But the poor young man could not pay the money, and dared not again speak of the debt to his benefactor.

At the end of these three years, the earl died suddenly, leaving an immense fortune to his son and his two daughters, the eldest of whom had recently married the banker, Fitz Harding, and the youngest, the General Huntingdon. Unhappily, amongst the thousands that he left to his heirs, was found the obligation for *forty pounds sterling*, signed by the poor mathematician.

We left Mr. Hopkins making his inventory in the little chamber of M'Farlane. The unfortunate student, standing in the recess of his window, looked on with folded arms: an unnatural calm, a sort of convulsive resignation had stolen over him; and on his impassive face, no sign betrayed the tempest of his thoughts, yet bitter were his reflections. "Ah!" exclaimed he, mentally, "you who feel tempted to accept succor from a generous hand, beware, lest your benefactor have sons, or daughters, or sons-in-law, to inherit his fortune, and come after his death to draw you into a reckoning for the benefit. If you have a name that you thought to honor amongst men, by the labors of usefulness, they will record that name in a process! They will have it called over by a sheriff's officer! They will make it the property of a scribe, who shall speculate upon the number of its letters! They will put up your poverty in the market-place! They will print in the journals, and on your gate, the description of your miserable movables! they will sell them in the public square; and in the evening go to a ball, where they will institute a raffle for the benefit of the poor!"

Still there was a consolation that mingled with the bitter thoughts of M'Farlane—a something that whispered to him, that if there was a name tarnished in the affair, it was, happily, not his, but that of the millionaire banker, those of the vain and titled men, the idle and gilded women, who had taken from him his poor table, his chair and his bed; from him, the child of indigence and toil, although he had been the friend of their father, and because a few piles more of crowns were wanting to swell a heritage of millions.

Hopkins and his clerk had now completed their inventory of the young student's room, and a small kitchen adjoining, and the officer was about to enter into the old lady's chamber, when M'Farlane sprang forward and seized his arm.

"Sir," said he, calmly, "I entreat you not to go in there; my mother is ill, and just now sleeps."

The officer paused upon the threshold of the chamber, around which he cast his searching looks, and in a low voice dictated his inventory, while Blucher looked at him with a flashing eye, ready to dart upon him, if he should invade the apartment of the invalid.

The old lady had, however, awaked, and, from the foot of her bed, which was surrounded by old chintz curtains, she heard the whispering. "My poor Frederick," muttered she to herself, "already at his work and reading over his labors!" But too soon she recognized that it was not the voice of her son, and caught the words, "an old mahogany chest of drawers, with marble head; a pendule, in sculptured brass; two old arm chairs covered with silk."

A cry burst from the lips of the invalid—for she guessed the truth. M'Farlane sprang towards her, and strove to soothe her, while Hopkins finished his inventory.

Two days after, M'Farlane, accompanied by his dog, followed a hearse, which took the road to the public burying ground.

It was a great night for the poor, the night of the first of March, 1833! The spacious apartments of that splendid building, which is at once the pride and an ornament to the city of London, known as Guild Hall, had been decorated with great magnificence for the great philanthropic ball of which I have already spoken, and which had Lady Emily Fitz Harding for one of its lady patronesses. A long string of carriages brought to this enchanted spot, all that London contained of brilliant women and men *comme il faut*. The aristocracy of birth, joined hands with the aristocracy of wealth, in this truly fraternal assemblage, where the sentiments of benevolence and philanthropy expanded all hearts. The richness and variety of the costumes, the profusion of flowers, of lamps, and of gold, gave the fête the aspect of a fairy scene. All nations and all epochs were there mingled and confounded. Marchionesses of the eighteenth century, duchesses of the fifteenth century, abbés, pilgrims, pachas, chevaliers, Swiss peasants, French guardsmen, boatmen and chieftains, were crowded together, and wavered to and fro, amid torrents of light and music. It was a sight to make one adore philanthropy and charity, and give thanks to Heaven that there were such people as the poor.

Lady Emily Fitz Harding, by her beauty, her diamonds and the splendor of her oriental costume, would have attracted all eyes, even if the rose-colored knot, the distinctive sign of her functions as lady patroness, had not fixed attention upon her. She was the queen of this fête, where also shone her husband, in the guise of a troubadour; her brother, the young Earl of Richdale, in the rich costume of a courtier of Henry the Second's time; and her sister Lady Cecilia Huntingdon, habited as a Chinese, and leaning on the arm of a mandarin, General Huntingdon. These two dresses, which had been expressly procured from China, and were of incredible magnificence, had cost over a thousand pounds sterling. But can one make too great sacrifices, when a fête for the benefit of the poor is in question!

All at once, a movement was observed at one of the doors of the hall, and a mask entered, round whom the crowd gathered, attracted by the singularity of his costume. It was a man clothed in the garb of a *beggar*, carrying a wallet, and on whose garments were pasted innumerable papers of legal process. His breast, his back, his arms, his legs, were covered with them; Mr. and Lady Emily Fitz Harding were among the first to approach this mysterious personage, and read on a large sheet of stamped paper, which covered his breast, exact copies of the different instruments of legal process on the part of the heirs of the Earl of Richdale, all whose names and descriptions were set out at full length, against the poor student, including the inventory, and ending with the advertisement of sale, which, as I have said before, covered the different parts of the body of the mask. On his hat, which was surrounded with a black crape, was a written paper, with these words, in large characters—

"THE CHARITY OF THE MEN OF THE WORLD."

THE STOMACHS OF LONDON.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.

In a late number we gave the patient reader the slip—it was at Smithfield Bars, on a busy market morning. There is much to see, and something it may be to smell in Smithfield on a market morning. Its penned thousands of Liecesters, South Downs, and Merinos—its countless thousands of fatted swine—its multitude of bleating lambs, pretty dears, so soon to be swallowed with mint sauce, salad, and the usual *et ceteras*—its streets of living oxen, whose broad backs form a level leathery floor, over which you often see adventurous drovers, stick in hand, take their desperate way. Corpulent graziers, with leathern pocket-book crammed with bank of England notes: enterprizing knackers, wholesale dealers in that favorite article of food—horse flesh, subsequently retailed to the lieges in *à la mode* beef, mutton pies, sausages, and a variety of other fancy costumes: lynx-eyed salesmen, who have but to glance at a beast to know how many stone he weighs, offal inclusive: journeymen butchers looking for a job: policemen on the scent after a roving pickpocket: chawbacons in smock-frocks, munching bread and cheese, or gazing listlessly around from the secure eminence of a wagon-load of hay: shepherds and drovers from all quarters of the agricultural world, and you have a morning at Smithfield.

Truly, ravenous reader, it is a goodly stomach that same Smithfield; like our own, empty as a gallipot the greater part of the week, but filled even to repletion upon market days. In our case, you will understand market day to be that when some hospitable Christian, pitying our forlorn condition, delights our ears, warming the cockles of our hearts with a *promske*; when, be assured, we eat and drink indictively, like an author at his publisher's!

The shepherds and their dogs, we delight to contemplate. Strictly speaking, there is nothing Arcadian about either master or colley—both are the toughest-looking creatures you ever beheld; but there is something about the physiognomy of shepherds that interests and pleases us—a dreamy look, such as poets may wear, the result most likely of a lone life upon the hills, and much more companionship with nature than with man. Take that tall, erect fellow, for example, leaning against the rails where are penned some ten score of black cattle; even if you overlook his plaided scarf, there is enough of nationality in his ample forehead, skirted by thin sandy hair, his clear azure eye, and high cheekbones, to assure you he is a descendant of Picts. He has no pipe, like your British shepherd, but applies the "sneeshin-mull" ever and anon to his proboscis. His dog, queer frizzly beast, but no more a bumpkin than his master, sits, taking unwonted rest, upon his tailless hunkers, but ever and anon turns his head, quick and sharp, in the direction of the "black-faces," over whom, for many a weary league, he was posted as whipper-in or adjutant. Now the shepherd, tired of leaning against the rail, goes over to an old woman's book-stall, turning over and cheapening the volumes. See, the colley follows, looking up into his master's visage with erudite nose. No doubt on't, that cur is familiar with books; and we should be no whit astonished to find him, upon examination, as well read as many a cockney. Now, if you please, reader, we will be off, for although our clothes cannot suffer, yet the concussion of greasy butchers, drovers ragamuffins, and the like, may contaminate, by spot or stain, your unexceptionable "rig out." Before we leave the market, however, let us step up stairs to the first floor room of the "Cock and Gooseberry," and take a *coup-de'œil* of the busy scene from the window. What a paradise of beef! What snow clad vales of mutton! What an undulatory sea of swine, tossing and tumbling like Neptune in his deep, though rather less melodious! There, sir, you behold neither more nor less than dinner for three—days of the capacious maw of universal London. What do we say! Where is Newgate market, mighty in butcher meat!—where Leadenhall, tremendous in turkeys!—where Billingsgate, alive with finny prey! Scaly reader, we have eaten nothing, positively nothing; let us be off to Billingsgate for a fin of fish—take our poultry on our way back at Leadenhall—spoil a baron of beef at Newgate, and consume at Covent Garden our *hors d'œuvres* and dessert.

When you reach the Monument on Fish Street Hill, you have only to follow your nose; find Billingsgate by the scent, regaled with every variety of "ancient and fish-like smell:" Lochfine herrings; Dutch *ditto*, swimming in seas of crimsoned brine; Finnon haddies, lying on the flat of their backs, inviting purchasers; Yarmouth bloaters; split salmon, of which you may command even a solitary rasher, if you have the twopenny-worth of circulating "browns" wherewith to remunerate the vender for the same; in brief, you proceed through a leading thoroughfare of dried fish, until you arrive at a small incommodious and pitiful little hole, like the dirty dock wharf of a provincial seaport. Have a care of looking round, or you will probably break your shins over a retail lot of shrimps, lobsters, or flat-fish, refuse of the morning's market. But this is Billingsgate. If you happen to be a Liverpool man, you will turn up your nose with contempt, and invite us to express our approbation of your fish-market. And so, with a safe conscience, we may; for never did we see any piscatory mart that was not, to use an expression borrowed from Billingsgate, a *scaly* concern in comparison. But, my dear sir, recollect that Billingsgate is not a fish-market, but a fish-warehouse—a place of import—a great fish exchange. The market is in the three thousand fishmongers' shops, (we have counted here five hundred carts on one morning at one time,) of every neighborhood in and about the metropolis; yea, so far as railways can carry the article in a saleable condition. Business is carried on here, as every where else throughout London, where a large amount of business has to be done in a short space of time—that is to say, by factors, who expose lots suited to the wants or means of intending purchasers by auction, which are purchased either by the retail dealer in person, or by his commission agent. By this expeditious process the market is opened, cleared, and closed within a few hours: in summer, before the regular working-day begins.

At one o'clock P. M. every day, under the auspices of the landlord of the Three Tuns, within the market is served up a truly substantial and excellent fish dinner, but different, indeed, both as to cooking and charges, from the more costly and *recherche* feeds at Greenwich or Blackwall. The banquet consists of a variety of whatever fish may be in season and abundance. If turbot happens to have been a drug in the market the morning of the day you dine, then you may expect turbot; if cod, you will be sure to have a slice from a magnificent head and shoulders, cooked in the plain old English fashion. After this, you will be served with a substantial joint of roast or boiled, with customary trimmings. Your dinner costs you eighteen-pence; if you take a nip of brandy, disease of the hip-joint, smiling as good naturedly as if she was at play, was the nurse of the poor creature before you, and tended her with the same devotion as if she had been her own daughter. Even now, she moistens the unconscious lips, and whispers pity into the unheeding ear.

There is something very extraordinary, and to us inexplicable, in the variety of shapes in which death makes his approaches, and the way in which he is met by minds differently constituted. In early life we had abundant opportunities of contemplating death on a great scale; and we took a melancholy pleasure in watching the struggles of the parting spirit, as if we could catch its shadow flung on earth, as it flew to its abiding-place beyond the grave.

But, with all our watching, we never could advance a step in our investigation. We have seen a virtuous mother of a family, from whose hands the sacred volume was never absent during her long illness, expire delirious, with a torrent of blasphemy and obscenity horrible to hear. Over and over again we have witnessed the cheerful, and, to all human comprehension, happy deaths of those destitute of the slightest sense of religious obligation; while those imbued with the strongest and most scriptural feelings, have met death with tears, tremblings, and lamentations. Some we have observed to make the fact of their approaching death an excuse for imploring some delicacy which they have never tasted—as, for example, a peach or a bunch of grapes; others will cry out incessantly for wine, and die miserable if they do not get as much as they wish. One would die happy, he says, if he could see the sun; another gives the moon his preference. The fantasies of dying people are truly extraordinary, and the mode in which they meet death, reconcilable, as we imagine, chiefly to constitution of body and habits of life. Soldiers, though by no means a religious class generally, we have observed to die fearless of death itself, whether or not indifferent to the preparation for the life after death. The happiest deaths, we think, other things being equal, are those of poor ignorant creatures, whose faith in their religion is unshaken. The pride of human knowledge suggests doubts and fears, which, howsoever little they may disturb lusty life, are worse than racks and wheels in the hour of approaching death.

To be weak or undecided, in death as in life, is to be miserable. The firm in faith do not die—they set out upon their journey to the promised land—and only change one state of existence for another.

SCENE IN A SWISS COTTAGE.

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, I returned home, fatigued with the visit I had made to a school in my parish, when I met at my door the physician, Dr. ——, who had come hastily back to the city. I asked him if he had been called to any of my parishoners.

——Yes, said he, I wish to tell you that your consolations are greatly needed in the house of Abraham P——.

——But how so? I replied; I saw Abraham P—— well, a few days ago. Is his niece, Henrietta, sick, that sprightly agreeable girl? Alas! youth is no security against disease and death.

——No, Mr. Pastor, Henrietta is not sick, but her mother, the sister of Abraham P——. It seems that this woman, long separated from her brother, returned to his house, and I believe her brother is displeased with her coming. She is in a hopeless state of disease; she has a cancer in the stomach; a frequent disease among women subject to strong emotions. The journey has increased the evil; I left the sick woman in almost an agony, and now it is your ministry that her state needs; for myself, I can do no more. Further, I suspect, sir, there is some frightful mystery connected with this sickness. When I arrived, the sick person was groaning upon her bed of pain; her daughter, Henrietta, was crying in the kitchen by the side of her uncle Abraham, who, seated before the fire, seemed roughly to repel the tears and supplications of the poor child. He rose quickly on my entrance, and followed me in silence to the door of the chamber where the sick person lay; he did not say a single word during my whole visit; and the dying woman seemed to feel a convulsive shudder, every time she met the severe and contemptuous look of her brother. I do not understand it, and I am surprised to find such things in a peasant's house.

——Doctor, I replied, I do not share your surprise; for myself, I am deeply affected at the sick bed of the poor oftener than in the sumptuous house of the rich man; for the rich man tries to maintain to the last that respect for worldly decorum, which restrains the expression of his dying thoughts, his hopes and fears in his last agony. But good bye, it is late, and I must hasten; it is a mile and a half to Abraham P——'s house, and the weather is bad.

We separated. Soon I climbed the hill behind which lay the house I was to visit. It was in the month of January. Large flakes of snow fell lightly upon the ground, and from time to time the cold wind blew up the folds of my cloak. Night approached.

It was one of those days which seem unlucky by a sort of instinct of the soul; I had, without being able to tell the reason, an anxiety of mind which made me anticipate something unpleasant. I met no one in the road. No noise in the fields; no human voice; no singing of birds: life seemed every where extinct. When I was at the top of the hill, the wind became more violent and blew in my face like ice. My walk was a continual struggle. I could see nothing two steps before me. Suddenly, near the top of the hill, a man's voice was heard through the snow storm: "Good day! good day! Oh! is it you, Mr. Pastor. I was just going to the city, when little Henrietta, at Abraham P——'s, requested me to call on you as I passed, and beg you to come and see them, for they are very unhappy."

I reached at length the door of the cottage, and shaking off the snow from my cloak, entered.

The noise of the door which I opened was not heard in the house, but was drowned by the howlings of the tempest without, and within by the man uttering loud threats and reproaches. I stopped a moment, in order not to break in upon this painful scene, of which I knew not the cause. I heard also the sobs and groans of the young girl; but the man's voice rose louder and louder

he threats and rage. Every word came distinctly to my ear; it was Abraham P——, who was heaping upon his sister the weight of his anger.

He said to her: "Miserable woman, do you know that this house, into which you have brought the divine vengeance, was witness to the virtues of our father and mother, whose name you are unworthy to bear? Do you know, wretched girl, that here they died, exhibiting till their last sigh, grief for having given birth to such a depraved creature as you? At the moment of your death, they were still ready to have pardoned you, if only, besotted woman, you had returned to them with tears of penitence. But no, no; you knew they were about to die: and you did not abandon your shameful life to come to them and ask their forgiveness! They might have expired at your door, and at that very moment you would have refused to leave your infamous pleasures to help them! Why have you come here? Why have you come to bring disgrace and ruin into the house of those who were your parents, and upon the head of this young girl, your own daughter, whom I vainly wished to snatch from infamy. Oh! there is an avenger in heaven! Go, listen—listen only to the voice of the avenger! How he seems to shake the roof of the cottage, because I have received you under it!"

To these frightful words a silence of a minute or two succeeded, during which the wind, as if to accomplish the wicked threats of her angry brother, shook the walls of the old house. All at once a piercing, agonizing cry drowned the tempest, and chilled me with horror. I rushed into the chamber whence the cry issued.

Never, never shall I forget this scene which exceeded all that imagination could conceive. Ah! truth has horrors unknown to the writers of romance! A dim lamp lighted the chamber. A woman, with arms extended, her eyes fixed and wild, her body half erect, seemed ready to jump out of the bed. Young Henrietta lay prostrate, her head upon the ground, and grasped with both hands one of the bed-posts. Abraham P——, who was standing, had retreated a few steps, at my sudden entrance into the chamber. He was ashamed of himself, disturbed at my presence, alarmed at what he had done and at what might happen. For he was not a bad man; but the scandalous acts of this sister had courted his mind; the consequences was frequent violent disputes, and at this moment, driven to extremities by the presence of this sister, and by the recollection of her ill conduct towards their parents, he had uttered the harsh words I heard on my arrival. It is well known that domestic quarrels produce deep and durable hatreds among our peasantry, who think all the world of their family interests and incidents.

Abraham P—— was alone conscious of my presence; the young girl seemed lifeless; and the sick woman, in the excess of her grief and terror, occasioned by the frightful threats of her brother, could see nothing, hear nothing, though her eyes were open, and she seemed even intently gazing upon some horrible scene which could only be seen by the eye of the mind.

I approached without speaking. My form, my movements, nothing attracted the attention of the sick person. She kept the posture, the same motionless attitude, as if she had been suddenly struck by lightning! I kept behind her, in order to prevent her falling, when the nervous fit should be over. The deep silence which succeeded, the expectation of an approaching and dreadful change chilled my frame even more than the north wind on the hill. But soon the consciousness of my situation, and the thought of my duties aroused me. I recollected that I had to fulfil the ministry of peace and reconciliation for the unhappy people. God gave me strength and courage to perform my duty.

Gradually the nerves of the sick woman relaxed, a convulsive trembling seized her; she fell almost lifeless into my arms. Abraham P—— had hid his face in his hands, believing that his sister's last moments had come; remorse doubtless stung his bosom; he felt that he had killed her! I thought too that she had expired. No sign of breathing appeared in the sick woman; her eyes were shut, her countenance was of a livid paleness. Was not this death?

No, thanks to God, the wretched woman still lived. I held one of her hands in mine, and I felt, after a few moments, a faint pulse. I leaned near her ear, and I said to her in a low but distinct voice, these words of the Lord: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. The son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost (Matt. xi. 28—Luke xix. 10)." At these words, young Henrietta raised herself, and took me by the hand with a supplicating gesture; I showed her in silence that she had now nothing to do but pray. The sick person, who had doubtless heard my words, slowly lifted her eye-lids, closed them, then opened her eyes again, and gradually her countenance expressed returning reason.

——Doctor, she whispered (for she thought I was the physician), heal me; oh, I beseech you, heal me!

——I am not the doctor, I replied mildly; I am a minister of Him who doth not wish the death of a sinner, but his conversion and life.

——No, no, she cried with feverish earnestness, I must be healed; I am too great a sinner; I wish my life to be prolonged that I may atone for my past sins. Oh! I conjure you, she continued in a heart-rending tone, you do know something that will cure me, don't you? Henrietta, my child, go, look in my clothes: is there not a little money to buy the medicine? Cursed money! no, *I* am cursed!

I was going to speak; but with new force, reaching out her hands with difficulty, she exclaimed: Heal me, heal me, doctor; I cannot understand any thing at present; by and by I will listen to the pastor; I will do all that he tells me, I promise you; but now, a remedy, oh! a remedy!

She fell back upon her pillow, and uttered deep groans; it seemed that she felt at this moment that her cries were in vain, and that death was near.

I was moved with pity for this unhappy woman, and I desired with all my heart to impart peace to her soul. I availed myself of this lucid interval to speak to the sick person, in as strong and encouraging terms as possible, of the uselessness of such wishes as she expressed to be healed. I tried to make her understand that she must seek immediately and ask of God a new spirit, a new life, a new hope. The Lord deigned to bless me at this solemn hour, and to put into my mouth words full of power and love. I unfolded to the dying woman the secrets of the life to come, the assurance of God's forgiveness in Christ for the penitent soul. I related to her the history of Mary Magdalene, and the victory of the Saviour over death and sin. I prayed with her. My heart was filled with compassion; I felt that the Father of mercies was with me, and the holy religion of Christ crucified appeared to me in a totally new view; it was like the rising sun which scatters the darkness before his face.

While I spoke, the sick woman, long motionless, made an effort, but in vain, to support herself upon her elbow. She looked at me, then raised her eyes to heaven. From time to time she repeated in a low voice, as if speaking to herself: "Is it possible! my God, is it possible! Oh! if those who plunged me into ruin knew this! if they understood these things while there is time!" But all at once, in seeking for mine, her eye caught that of her brother. Then, it seemed that every salutary impression was lost. Anxiety, distraction of mind, despair were again depicted in her face; she relapsed into delirium.

I felt as if my heart would break, and God inspired me with a good thought. I took Abraham P—— by the hand, and said to him: "Will you be less merciful than He from whom alone you can expect mercy?"

The poor man was overcome; he suffered himself to be led to his sister; he touched her hand, saying: "May God forgive thee as I forgive thee!" And he burst into tears.

I looked for the daughter, and led her to her mother. Henrietta embraced her shedding floods of tears, and said to her: "My mother, my mother, God will forgive thee."

Her brother's forgiveness, the words of the young girl produced the liveliest impression upon the sick person, and she seemed to understand then that God could yet pardon her. "It is then true!" she said reaching her hand to her brother, and casting a look full of tenderness upon her daughter; "it is then true!" and her face beamed with a heavenly expression. She was no more a degraded and polluted woman; she was changed in a moment.

She did not speak again. Her eyes turned upward, were gradually quenched in death. The last struggle lasted about an hour, and when she expired, the same smile of joy and hope played still upon her livid lips.

When I left the cottage of Abraham P——, it was ten o'clock at night. The sky had become serene, innumerable stars twinkled in the firmament, and I gave thanks to God from the bottom of my heart.

News from Congress.

In the Senate, on Wednesday petitions from various quarters were presented for a protective tariff. Several private and local bills were passed, as well as a bill to extend the provisions of the act of May, 1828, to regulate processes in the courts of the United States, after which an Executive Session was held with closed doors.

In the House the bill for establishing the boundary line between Iowa and Missouri was taken up in the Committee of the Whole. There is a dispute as to the boundary turning principally upon the application of the name of Des Moines rapids. The State and Territory disagree as to which rapids of the river Des Moines are meant.

In the House, on Thursday Mr. Arnold made another unsuccessful attempt to introduce his bill to reduce the per diem and mileage allowance of members of Congress, to $6 per diem and the same rate of reduction per mile, and also for the reduction of other allowances to official persons. The Navy Appropriation Bill was then taken up.

In the Senate, the President pro tem., laid before the body a communication from the Treasury Department, relative to the Commerce of the United States. Mr. Calhoun presented four memorials from Florida, praying for her admission into the Union; also, an ultra Free Trade memorial from Middlesex county, Virginia, which gave rise to a long debate on the tariff.

In the Senate, on Friday, a large number of private and local bills were variously disposed of. Among them was passed one for the relief of the widow of the late Col. W. Thompson, U. S. A. and also the act to provide for claims, for losses, for property under military operations in Florida; Yeas 20, Nays 16.

In the House, Mr. Botts presented a petition from Alabama, requesting Congress to call on the acting President to resign. The House went into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the Naval Appropriation Bill, as returned from the Senate with amendments. Mr. Caruthers and Mr. King debated these till 12 o'clock arrived, the hour for ending the discussion. The Senate's amendment of $2,800,000 for $2,335,000 for pay was non-concurred in; 66 to 89. The next, proposing to strike out the reducing proviso of the House, was also lost, having only 46 Ayes. The amendment of the Senate authorising the appropriation of $100,000 for the construction of a floating dock at Brooklyn, New York, was passed; Yeas 80; Nays 50. The amendment, substituting $100,000 for $35,000 for the Pensacola Navy Yard was lost; Yeas 53, Nays 74. The Committee rose and reported, and the House proceeded to act on the amendments. Mr. Wise and Mr. Adams had a warm dispute.

On Saturday, the attention of the Senate was mostly devoted to a bill to reorganize the Post Office Department.

In the House the Resolution of the Committee on the Judiciary, that Corporations come not under a Bankrupt Law was lost: 113 votes to 53. Mr. Barnard, from the Judiciary Committee read a report on a temporary revenue bill, which was ordered to be printed. The Army bill was taken up and debated. Mr. Gwin, of Mississippi, diverged to the Boundary Question and was called to order. He was especially noticed by Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, for his course. Mr. Black, of Georgia, supported Mr. Gwin, and the debate was cut short by an adjournment.

In the Senate, on Monday a report from the Treasury Department was presented stating the public receipts for the former half this year at $18,967,513, and the expenditures for the same time $16,303,613. The bill regulating the Post Office law was taken up and discussed, but soon gave way to the Revenue Bill, which occupied the attention of members until near the hour of adjournment.

In the House.—The bill for the permanent employment of certain heretofore temporary clerks in the Post Office Department was with the Army Bill reported to the House, and passed. Mr. Arnold at length succeeded in introducing his bill for the reduction of the pay and mileage of members of Congress. Messrs. Riggs and J. G. Floyd objecting, the rules were suspended; yeas 98, nays 43. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Wise advocated an increase of pay, and Mr. W. C. Johnson introduced an amendment authorising each member to draw for such a sum, not exceeding $8 per day, as he might think his services worth. Probably nothing will be done on the subject.

In the House, on Tuesday, after the presentation of some memorials in relation to the Tariff, the consideration of Mr. Arnold's bill was resumed. It proposes to reduce the pay and mileage of members; also to reduce the salaries of all officers of the federal government at the rate of 25 per cent.

The question pending was on the rejection of the bill; this was negatived, yeas 45, nays 124.

Mr. Arnold then desired the bill might be referred to a Select Committee, when a debate sprung up, and was continued for several hours by Messrs. Arnold, Jones, Brown, Shields, Fillmore and many others. On the main question the ayes and noes were ordered. The vote stood, ayes 89, noes, 79. So the bill was ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Marshall obtained the floor on the passage of the bill. When he had finished, the House adjourned without taking the question.

In the Senate, the Impost Bill came up as the special order at one o'clock, or soon after. Mr. Woodbury of N. H., took the floor in answer to the Senator from Maine who had yesterday made such an able defence on the Bill. Mr. Woodbury objected to the Bill in all its parts. He was opposed to the manner of raising Revenue pointed out in the provisions of the Bill, and the extent of Revenue which it proposed to raise.

He contended that the Bill called for millions more than were necessary—seven millions without the lands, and three millions with them. He would have whatever was taxed 60 cents brought down to 40, and so on through all its provisions. The Bill was called one of Revenue, but it was argued by the Senator from N. H., that the Bill was not one of Revenue, but one of manufacture.

Mr. W., was willing to go for no more than 20 or 25 per cent. in the way of taxation. Here he would stop, and of course upon the ground that in his opinion, this rate of duty would raise a Revenue adequate to the expenditures of the government. Mr. W., commented at length upon the general principles of economy and retrenchment, and upon other, generally and practically speaking, unmeaning topics of debate.

Mr. Evans replied, and was followed by Mr. Woodbury, when the Senate adjourned.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

On Wednesday, in the House, a message was received from the Governor informing that he had signed the supplement to the act abolishing Imprisonment for Debt.

Mr. Culver submitted a joint resolution authorising the Governor to receive proposals for the sale of the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania Canal, and make report to the next Legislature. Laid on the table.

The House refused to concur in the amendments made by the Senate to the bill extending the charter of the Farmers' Bank of Reading, and the bill was returned to that body.

In the Senate, the whole of the day was spent in considering the Apportionment Bill from the House; and after a large number of amendments were offered, providing for the payment of the interest on the State debt, and for the general preservation of the integrity of the Commonwealth, all of which were voted down, the bill was transcribed for a third reading.

On Thursday, in the House, Mr. Scott made an attempt to repeal so much of the license law as requires applicants for tavern licenses in Philadelphia county to advertise in the newspapers; which was ably opposed by Messrs. Morris, Beers, Karns, and others, and voted down; and in lieu of it, a section was added, repealing a similar exception which had been extended to the counties of Bucks and Luzerne, by an act of April last.

At length the bill was postponed for the purpose of taking up the Apportionment Bill as returned from the Senate.

Several motions were made to amend the Senate amendments, all of which were disagreed to, and the question being taken on concurring in the Senate amendments, it was lost, yeas 38 nays 51, and a Committee of Conference, consisting of Messrs. Wright, Stevens, and Felton, was appointed. The Senate, being informed of the action of the House, appointed Messrs. Sullivan, Penniman, and Cochran, a similar Committee to confer with that appointed by the House.

So the Apportionment Bill is again in the hands of a Committee of Conference.

Senate.—The bill making the usual appropriations to meet the current expenses of Government, was defeated this morning on its final passage, by a tie vote—16 to 16.

On Friday in the House, a number of private bills were disposed of; after which the House took up the bill providing for the trial of the City of Philadelphia (as a corporation) for violating the Trust committed to their care by the Will of the late Stephen Girard; and after a good deal of discussion, the same passed final reading. Yeas, 52, Nays, 25. The trial to take place in the county of Montgomery. The Senate will not pass the bill.

The Bill from the House to compel the Tidewater Canal Company to redeem their notes or receive them in payment of tolls, passed Committee of the Whole after some discussion.

The Governor has signed the Bill to incorporate the North Branch Canal Company.

On Saturday in the House, the bill from the Senate, repealing the act of March last, allowing the Bank of Pennsylvania to make an assignment for the benefit of its creditors, and requiring the said Bank to give the Commonwealth security for the sum due her in case of an assignment, under the General Law, was taken up, passed, and sent to the Governor.

Apportionment.—Mr. Felton from the Committee of Conference on the Apportionment Bill, made the report. A number of gentlemen spoke against the bill, and several motions were made to postpone it, or refer it back to the Committee. As a last resort the *previous question* was called, and sustained; and the Report of the Committee of Conference was adopted.

In the Senate the report of the same committee was adopted, without debate, and sent to the Governor for his signature.

The Appropriation Bill was then taken up on a motion to reconsider the vote, which being agreed to, the bill was so amended as to provide by means of taxation for the payment of the domestic creditors, for a more equalized system of taxation, and for the sale of the main line of our improvements from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. It was then lost, but soon after a motion was made to reconsider, and the bill was then agreed to by a vote of 17 to 13.

A message was received from the Governor returning the bill relating to the Bank of Pennsylvania, which passed the House this morning, with his objections. Agreeably to the Constitution, the yeas and nays were taken on the bill, and were 16 to 18. Lost.

The following is the bill setting off the State into twenty-four Congressional districts. It is probably as fair a one as could, under any circumstances, pass the present Legislature. The city and county of Philadelphia have justly been allowed four Representatives as at present. A new apportionment takes place every ten years.

1st District—Southwark, Moyamensing, Passyunk, Kingsessing, Blockely and West Philadelphia in the county of Philadelphia, and Cedar Ward in the city of Philadelphia.

2d—The city of Philadelphia, except Cedar, Upper Delaware and North Mulberry Wards.

3d—The Northern Liberties and Kensington in the county of Philadelphia, and Upper Delaware and North Mulberry Wards in the city of Philadelphia.

4th—Spring Garden, North and South Penn Township, Roxborough, Germantown, Bristol, Unincorporated Northern Liberties, Oxford, Lower Dublin, Byberry, and Moreland, in the county of Philadelphia.

5th—The counties of Chester and Delaware.

6th—The counties of Berks and Lehigh.

7th—The counties of Montgomery and Bucks.

8th—The county of Lancaster, except the townships mentioned in the ninth district.

9th—The counties of Dauphin and Lebanon with the townships of Rapho, Warwick, West Cocalico, and West Donegal in the county of Lancaster.

10th—The counties of Northampton, Monroe, Wayne and Pike.

11th—The counties of Schuylkill, Northumberland and Columbia.

12th—The counties of Luzerne, Wyoming and Susquehanna.

13th—The counties of Lycoming, Potter, Bradford and Tioga.

14th—the counties of York and Adams.

15th—The counties of Cumberland, Franklin, and Perry.

16th—The counties of Huntingdon, Juniata, Union and Mifflin.

17th—The counties of Bedford, Somerset, Cambria and Indiana.

18th—The counties of Fayette and Greene.

19th—The counties of Westmoreland and Armstrong.

20th—The counties of Clarion, Jefferson, Clearfield, Centre, Clinton, and M'Kean.

21st—The counties of Washington and Beaver.

22d—The county of Allegheny.

23d—The counties of Butler, Mercer and Venango.

24th—The counties of Erie, Crawford and Warren.

This bill, it is supposed, will give the Democrats 14 members of Congress, and the Whigs 9—leaving one district, the 22d rather doubtful.

On Monday the amendments made by the House to the bill annexing the county of Schuylkill to the Eastern District of the Supreme Court, were then taken up and considered. These, together with amendments to other bills, occupied the whole of the morning session.

Upon the Senate meeting in the afternoon, Mr. Strohm, in a short and appropriate address, resigned the office of Speaker, and the Senate proceeded to elect a new presiding officer. Messrs. Gibbons and Spackman were the opposing candidates for the first six ballots, but afterward almost every eligible Senator was voted for. During the first ballots the vote stood, Spackman 16, Gibbons 15, scattering 2. Seventeen ballots were had, and the Senate adjourned without an election.

The Appropriation bill was the only subject of importance before the House.

On Tuesday the Senate proceeded to ballot again for Speaker, and no election was had until the thirty fifth ballot, when Wm. Hiester had 16 votes, John S. Gibons 11, Ben. Crispin 2, and Robt. Fleming and James H. McLanahan each 1. Wm. Hiester was thereupon declared duly elected, and was conducted to the chair by Messrs. Fleming and Sullivan, when he thanked the Senate in a few words for the unexpected honor conferred upon him. Mr. Ewing, of Washington administered the oath of office, and the Senate then went on in their usual routine of business. The greater part of the day was spent in the consideration of the Appropriation Bill, which was amended in the House, returned to the Senate where the amendments were rejected, and the bill was then put into the hands of a Committee of Conference, which in the evening session made report, which was referred back to the committee; soon after another report was adopted. The bill provides for the ordinary expenses of Government,—for the payment of the domestic creditors,—for the imposition of an additional tax and authorises the Governor to receive it. A bill in relation to special bail occupied much of the time of the House during the day, and was finally passed and sent to the Senate, where it passed second reading; but the body refused to suspend the rule to read it a third time. Both branches adjourned a little after ten o'clock.

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THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

The gratifying intelligence was last Saturday communicated to the public that the long pending difficulties between the United States and Great Britain had been satisfactorily adjusted by the Executive and the English Envoy, with the consent of the commissioners of Maine and Massachusetts, Edward Kavanagh, Edward Kent, N. P. Preble, John Otis, Abbott Lawrence, John Mills, and Charles Allen. As is well known, the territory in dispute embraces all the region of the Upper St. John, and the general understanding now is, that this region is to be divided into unequal parts; the largest, and by far the most valuable, to be assigned to Maine, together with considerations connected with the navigation of the St. Johns, of the greatest importance to the value of the timber growing on its branches. The line agreed upon is that which was proposed by the King of Holland, as mediator, as far as the small Lake near the rise of the River St. Francis. Thence it runs down to the south-west branch of St. John's River, leaving cut a strip of our territory about 100 miles long and twelve broad. This belt of land is what we give up, though the King of Holland gave it to us in his arbitrament. A correspondent of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* states the terms of the convention as follows: Maine and Massachusetts relinquish nearly all the territory North of the St. John's. That which they do not relinquish is a segment between that river and the St. Francis. In consequence of such relinquishments on the part of the two States, the sum of $300,000 to be equally divided between them, is paid by Great Britain, which Government also stipulates to pay the expenses to which Maine has been put, in defence of the disputed territory. This will amount to some $200,000 more. A liberal arrangement of the Northern boundary line, on the New Hampshire, Vermont and New York frontiers, has been acquiesced in by Great Britain.

The conclusion of the arrangement having received the deliberate and unanimous sanction of the seven Commissioners deputed by the Governments of Maine and Massachusetts—all gentlemen of high character, perfect acquaintance with the subject, and united by sympathies and interests with both of the great Political parties—had hardly been announced to the country, exciting sensations of joy wherever it was received, before we were visited with a new and striking manifestation of the lack of principle which animates so many persons in authority, and keeps the country in its condition of distress and disorder. The speeches of Messrs. Gwin and Black, in Congress, last Saturday, with the corresponding demonstrations of *The Globe*, leave no room for doubt that an intrigue was set on foot immediately on the conclusion of the adjustment, to defeat and subvert it, or at any rate to make it a bugbear and a stalking-horse for demagogical perversion throughout the nation. The wantonness and atrocity of this movement, remarks the New York Tribune, are obvious enough; but the extent and enormity of the mischiefs its success will inflict on the country can hardly be yet realized. For years we have been at issue with Great Britain on the subject of this Boundary, and during this term each party has spent far more in surveys, negotiations and military demonstrations growing out of this variance than the whole Territory is actually worth. The subject is one of great intrinsic difficulty; for, while the *legal* right seems pretty clearly with us, there is still force in the British claim, considered on grounds of equity and comity. But at last an adjustment has been effected, which, while its gives us all of the Territory which is really of consequence to us, and stipulates indemnity to Maine for what she concedes, at the same time secures to Great Britain that connection and intercourse between her provinces which is so vital to her, while the only objection to it must be that of the dog in the manger. And this adjustment, at length and with so much effort and under such eminent auspices effected, is now to be crushed and broken up if possible, and our relations with our formidable neighbor thrown again into chaos, our borderers into collision, and our attitude of peace for one of angry manifestoes and bristling bayonets, —and all for what? Does one of the cabal think or dream of obtaining better terms? Is there one so ignorant as not to know that the Treaty gives us all we now possess, ever have possessed, or ever can hope to possess, unless we take it at the point of the bayonet—and not of one but fifty thousand bayonets? What madness, what malignity can prompt their course?

These questions the politician by profession can doubtless answer, and the patriot, while he laments the degeneracy of the public "servants," may easily imagine the incentives to their conduct; but it seems impossible, if the negotiation be now defeated, that those who defeat it can remain in office after the people have an opportunity to pass upon their course.

WEST INDIES.

Intelligence from Cuba shows that Island to be in a prosperous condition. The table of the Commerce, Navigation and Revenue of the Island for the year 1841, exhibits some very interesting facts in relation to its productiveness and commercial importance. The total imports into Cuba during the year 1841 amounted in value to $25,081,408, being an increase over the imports of the year 1840 of $381,219. The importations consisted of provisions, amounting to $11,092,925; manufactures of leather, cotton, woollen, linen and silk goods to $4,809,185; and lumber, metals and other articles to $10,931,340. The total exports during the year amounted to $26,774,614, showing an increase over the preceding year of $832,631. The most prominent article of export was sugar, to the amount of $11,613,798; the second in importance was Copper ore, to the amount of $4,505,490; the third, Coffee, valued at $1,426,024; the fourth, Cigars, to the amount of $1,331,127. During the year 1841 there were 181,500 barrels of Spanish Flour imported into the Island, being 54,644 barrels more than in the year 1840. There were also imported 45,955 barrels American Flour, being a diminution, as compared with the import of the preceding year, of 21,136 barrels. The number of American vessels that arrived at the various ports of Cuba during the year was 1,349, and the number of English vessels 357.

From Jamaica, the papers to the 29th ult. have been received at New Orleans, but they contain little news of interest. Some difficulty existed with the negroes, who could not be induced to work, and consequently many plantations were suffering, particularly where sugar was cultivated. Business was dull, owing to the scarcity of money. The accounts from the Islands in which slavery has been abolished are extremely contradictory. Those received by way of England, and the official documents from the colonial Governors, uniformly present an encouraging aspect of affairs, while letters and newspaper accounts, via the southern ports of this country, nearly all speak of disasters, distress, and the insubordination and indolence of the negroes. Opinions on either side, from interested quarters, should be received with caution.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Newport Mercury, a moderate paper, states that the whole number of prisoners taken and examined under martial law in Rhode Island, during the late disturbance, was 184—of which 122 have been discharged, and 62 committed for trial before the Supreme Court. The Providence Journal mentions that the necessity of keeping up the city patrol is more and more evident; and although the duty is fatiguing and sometimes very unpleasant, the peace and safety of the city require that it should be performed. In several wards, a regular organization has been made, and measures taken to insure an efficient patrol for every night.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

Since our last we have important information from Mexico, and such intelligence from England bearing on the controversy between that republic and Texas, as induces a hope that a perfect and lasting union will soon be brought about between them. The most interesting item of Mexican news is of the *release of all the Texan prisoners belonging to the Santa Fe Expedition.* The constituent Congress of Mexico was just assembled, and as it was possible that his power would soon come to an end, Santa Anna wished perhaps to distinguish the close of his Presidential career by an act of clemency. Nothing has as yet transpired indicating what will be the results of the political movements now going on in Mexico. During the present session of Congress an attempt will be made to reorganize the Government upon a plan differing in important particulars from any system hitherto adopted in the country. From the opening speech of President Santa Anna very little can be gleaned giving satisfactory information upon subjects about which the greatest curiosity is felt. It is evidently opposed to the institutions of the United States, inveighing against them in strong language, and denouncing them as altogether unfit for the Mexican nation. In the latter particular, his opinion is no doubt a correct one. The population of Mexico are unfit for freedom, and a century of education and gradual amelioration will be required to prepare such a nation for a republican Government like that of the United States. Upon the question of recognizing the independence of Texas, the President does not relax in the least from his former stubbornness. It is manifest, however, that the chimera of the re-conquest of Texas is about to be abandoned. The release of the Santa Fe prisoners is a favorite omen, and in connection with the treaties between Great Britain and Texas, it imparts a hope of a speedy settlement of the existing difficulties. The ratifications of those treaties were exchanged in London on the 28th of June. They are three in number—a treaty of amity, navigation and commerce—a treaty undertaking mediation by Great Britain between the republics of Mexico and Texas—and a treaty granting reciprocal right of search for the suppression of the African slave trade. They were negotiated in 1840, and concluded in November of that year by Viscount Palmerston and Gen. James Hamilton. The powers to ratify the two first have been a considerable time in England, but their completion has been delayed until the ratification of the treaty granting the right of search, could be simultaneously exchanged. By the first article the republic of Texas agrees that if, by means of the mediation of her Britannic Majesty, *an unlimited truce shall be established between Mexico and Texas within thirty days after this present convention shall have been communicated to the Mexican government by her Majesty's mission at Mexico*, and if within six months from the day on which that communication shall have been made, Mexico shall have *concluded a treaty of peace with Texas*, then and in such case the republic of Texas will take upon itself a portion, amounting to one million pounds sterling, of the capital of the foreign debt contracted by the republic of Mexico before the first of Feb. 1835. By the second article it is provided that the manner in which the capital of one million pounds sterling of foreign debt, mentioned in the first article, shall be transferred from the republic of Mexico to the republic of Texas shall be settled hereafter by special agreement between the republic of Texas and the republic of Mexico, under the mediation of the British Government. We think we may now confidently look for a restoration of perfect national amity throughout the North American Continent.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMERS ACADIA, AND BRITISH QUEEN.
TWENTY-ONE DAYS LATER.

Great Britain, Another Attempt to Assassinate the Queen—India and China—France—Spain—Hungary—Portugal—The East—Miscellaneous.

The steamship Acadia arrived at Boston on the morning of Thursday the 21st, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 5th, and the British Queen at New York, on Wednesday evening last, from Antwerp and Southampton, bringing London papers to the 9th inst. We present below a careful abstract of the most important movements and opinions.

Great Britain.

The British Parliament was occupied with a discussion on the appalling and increasing distress throughout the country. A series of resolutions had been offered to the effect that parliament should not be prorogued without an inquiry being instituted as to the extent of the distress and the best means calculated to afford relief. Mr. Bannerman had a notice of motion on the books for empowering the crown to open the ports of Britain to a free importation of foreign corn, in case of necessity, before the re-assembling of parliament. The bill incorporating the tariff had passed its third reading in the House of Commons, and as it would probably not be delayed in its passage through the House of Lords, it would soon take its place among the statute laws of the land, along with the income tax act.

The convict Francis who fired at the Queen has been reprieved. There does exist a doubt that the pistol was loaded with a destructive substance. The announcement of his reprieve had scarcely been made known, when the public were alarmed by a report that another and exactly similar attempt had been made upon her Majesty's life. The details are almost too farcical to relate: It appears that as the royal cortege was returning on Sunday from the Chapel Royal, in St. James', to Buckingham Palace, a deformed youth presented and snapped an old rusty pistol at the carriage in which her Majesty was seated. He was seized by another youth who wrested the weapon from his hand, but the policemen in attendance refused to take him in charge, believing it to be a hoax, on which he was permitted to escape. He was apprehended in the course of the day, when it was discovered that he had recently, and repeatedly been heard to say that he admired the conduct of Francis, and regretted that he had not succeeded in his attempt; that Francis was a brave fellow, and he wished he had been in Francis' place, for he would do for the Queen; that he had a prime air-gun and pistol, and he would use them in the same cause. The pistol had an old flint lock with a screw and rifle barrel. Upon detaching the barrel, which was done with some difficulty, from the screw having become exceedingly rusty, owing to its long disuse, there was found in a portion of very coarse powder, a piece of tobacco pipe, and some paper wadding.

Meetings of the shoemakers of Manchester, Wolverhampton, Leicester, and other large towns, have been hold to consider the prevailing distress. The Chartists and the Anti-Corn Law Association are also active.

The sales of cotton at Liverpool were small, the aspect of the market dull, and the prices at the close of June lower than at the commencement. The market was well supplied, but in a view of the stock being considerably less than it was last year at the same date, holders were rather firm.

The crops are represented as unusually abundant and early. Copious rains have relieved them from the effects of the late droughts, and vegetation seems remarkably stimulated. The wheat harvest will be a fortnight earlier than it was last year. The markets have a downward tendency in consequence of the promising state of the crops, the easy rates of money, and the general stagnation of business.

The ratification of the long pending treaties between Great Britain and Texas were exchanged on Tuesday, the 28th June, by the Earl of Aberdeen, Plenipotentiary of Great Britain, and the honorable Ashbel Smith, Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Texas. These treaties are three in number—a treaty of amity, navigation, and commerce; a treaty undertaking mediation by Great Britain between the Republics of Mexico and Texas, and a treaty granting reciprocal right of search for the suppression of the African Slave Trade.

Considerable inconvenience has arisen among the trading community by the Government having issued their proclamation for cutting and defacing light gold, as the greater part of the sovereigns in circulation and all the half sovereigns have lost weight by friction. The operations of "sweating" and "Jewing" have been practiced upon to a great extent.

At the annual dinner of the member of the British Association, at Manchester, after the usual routine of toasts, the Chairman, Lord Francis Egerton, after some complimentary remarks, gave the health of the American Minister, to which Mr. Everett made a reply.

It was reported that Earl de Grey was dismissed from the office of Lord Secretary of Ireland, but it was afterwards reported that he was going to the Continent for his health, and that he would resume the government of Ireland on his return.

Her Majesty is said to be about to give her subjects new reason not to fear a failure in the direct succession to the crown.

India and China.

The overland mail from India, arrived at Marseilles on the 29th of June, and despatches reached London on the 3d, with dates from Bombay to May 23, Cabul, to April 28, Calcutta to May 13, Macao to April 4, and Chusan to March 2. The mail was despatched ten days earlier from Bombay, to avoid the monsoon. *The following* telegraphic despatch reached London on the 1st: "General Pollock had joined Sir R. Sale at Jellalabad, reestablishing on his march the authority of Thomas Khan Sullpoora. He was to march on Cabul as soon as he was joined by Col. Bonthon. Gen. England has re-united his troops, found the passes, and joined Gen. Nott at Candahar. M'Kenzie had arrived at Jellalabad, with offers from Akbar Khan to release his prisoners on conditions. The answer was not known. Gen. Elphinstone died the 23d of April."

The accounts from China are interesting. On the 10th of March, the Chinese, 10,000 or 12,000 strong, tried to retake Ningpo, while another force attacked Chinghae. In both instances they were repulsed with considerable loss.

The Chinese were allowed to enter Ningpo without opposition, but on reaching the market, they were fired upon and instantly routed, leaving 250 dead. The soldiers who were left dead, were all found to have a few dollars about them, supposed to have been a gratuity to induce them to the attack. The British suffered no loss at Ningpo or Chinghae. A simultaneous attack had been intended upon Chusan, but it was defeated by the reconnoitering of the steamer Nemesis. Sir Henry Pottinger continued at Macao. Shah Shoojah had been murdered at Cabul by Zemaun Khan, brother of Dost Mohammed. Satisfactory intelligence had been received of the Cabul prisoners by Capt. M'Kenzie, who arrived at Jellalabad, April 25. He returned on the 27th. The answer given to the proposal for the surrender of the prisoners, for a very heavy ransom, was not known. The destruction of the garrison of Ghuznee is confirmed. Colonel Palmer left the citadel on the 26th of March, and took up his quarters in a portion of the town. There, as in the case of Cabul, the Ghazees, apparently without orders, attacked the troops, and a frightful slaughter ensued. The leader of the insurgents, Shumshoodeen, interfered, and took the officers under his protection, and they are described as living as prisoners in the citadel. About 100 only of the sepoys are supposed to have escaped. Great confusion prevailed at Cabul after the death of the Shah, and it was doubtful who was in possession of the throne. Seven or eight officers, prisoners of the garrison of Ghizni, were at Cabul. It was believed that Gen. Pollock would proceed immediately to Cabul, Chinzi, and Candahar.

France.

The Paris papers are devoted almost exclusively to the elections. Telegraphic despatches continue to communicate success in the provinces adjoining Algiers. The last is dated June 25. A Royal ordinance has been issued, sanctioning certain changes introduced into the customs' tariff established in the French West Indies by the ordinance of the 8th of December, 1839. By this law several articles heretofore admitted into those colonies at a duty of five per cent. per 100 kilogrammes are prohibited; these are spices, which are abundantly produced in them. The duty on Teneriffe and Madeira wines is reduced from 100 francs per hectolitre to 60. The new ordinance also relieves merchants from the operation of the law of 1839, which decreed that foreign goods, proceeding from French *entrepots*, could not be imported for consumption into the French West Indies unless they had been naturalized by the payment in France, of the duties demanded by the general tariff.

Spain.

Advices from Madrid are to the 27th of June. Some insurrectionary movements at Figueiras (Catalonia) and Barcelona had been suppressed. The tribunal of Bilboa had passed judgment on several individuals concerned in the insurrection of last October; twenty are sentenced to death, and twelve to the galleys; but it appears that they are all safe in foreign countries. Twenty-one other individuals were acquitted. A new ministry has been formed as follows:—Rodil, Minister of War and President of the Council; Almodovar, Foreign Affairs; Zumalacarregui, Justice; Ramon Calatrava, Finance; Capaz, Marine; Torres Solanot, Interior. The editor of the Correo Nacional had been sentenced, for libel, to imprisonment during four years, in a fortress, and to the privation of his office and decorations. The contractors for the first issue of the loan of 160,000,000 had acquiesced in the demand of the Minister of Finance, and consented to reduce the discount to 12 per cent. The army of the north has been dissolved. The troops of which it was composed are to pass under the command of the Captains General of the 10th division (Navarre) and the 11th (the Basque provinces.)

Hungary.

The Augsburg Gazette states that on the 9th of June disturbances of a serious nature broke out in the city of Pesth, in Hungary, occasioned by the discontent of the journeymen tailors respecting some differences with the masters of the corporation in the matter of a saving's bank. Sixteen hundred of these men refused to work, and marched in a body out of the town. Some cavalry were sent against them, and forty were brought in as prisoners. Immediately an attempt at rescue was made by the journeymen and the populace. The town house, which contains the prisoners was attacked—its windows demolished, and the lights in the streets destroyed. The police were obliged to act, and many were wounded on both sides. The next day 3000 shoemakers had threatened to join the tailors, and much apprehension was entertained for the tranquillity of the town.

Portugal.

We have advices from Lisbon to the 27th of June. Neither the slave trade nor the commercial treaty were signed. The Duke of Palmella will immediately act in the Administration as Foreign Secretary and President of the Council, and Senhor Compelo will be replaced in the Marine Department by a statesman of more undisputed administrative capacity.

The East.

The times of the 5th instant gives accounts from Beyrout to the 10th of June. Affairs were again threatening to assume a serious appearance in Syria, and an apprehension was entertained that a general rising would shortly take place in the mountain. On the 8th, Emir Abdalla, with his two sons, sought refuge on board an English frigate, sooner than subscribe to a declaration contrary to his conscience. On the 9th, the Seraskier Mustapha and Izzet Pasha waited in person on Col. Rose, to demand the surrender of the Emir. The Colonel having returned a formal refusal to this application, a warm discussion ensued, and the Pashas went so far as to say that they would carry him off by force. The colonel replied to them with a sneer, pointing at the frigate, "He is there, take him if you can." In the morning of the 10th, twelve Sheiks, all related to the family of Shahab, likewise retired on board the same frigate, having been informed that they would be arrested in the course of the day. Several others who did not avail themselves of the caution were actually apprehended. The Turks had arranged a plot for seizing by a *coup de main* the Catholic patriarch of Lebanon.

Miscellaneous.

A discovery has been made lately in the northern part of Australia of a new river. The inhabitants were stated to be neither numerous or troublesome. The temperature varied from 62 to 82, and as this was in the mid-winter month of July, 40 feet above the level of the sea, it is easy to see that the summer heat would be oppressive to European constitutions. Nothing else, however, could be expected in the parallel of 18 degrees. The whole distance across that immense island or continent, from the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north, where the Albert disembogues itself, to Spencer's Gulf on the south, is about 900 miles, of which 300 miles have been explored northward from Adelaide by Mr. Eyere. The Albert admits of tracing nearly 100 miles in a direction to the south, so that there remains still about 500 to explore.

A Berlin letter states that the police ordinance, interdicting smoking in the streets or public promenades in that capital, produced on the 8th ultimo a scene of great disorder. As the good people of Berlin are great smokers, many have been arrested and punished for violating the injunction, and on the day above mentioned some people who were smoking near the the Hamburg gate were also taken into custody. Upon this the populace assembled, and rescued them. A reinforcement of the guard was sent for, and these were assailed with stones and other missiles, which was continued until a stronger military force was called in.

Pierre Joseph Dumont, who acted as guide and interpreter to Marshall Bourmont in the expedition against Algiers, died in Paris, recently, in the 88th year of his age. Dumont had been a slave in Africa, during 34 years, when he was restored to liberty by Lord Exmouth in 1819. He was, at his own request, attached to Marshall Bourmont's army in 1830. Reduced in his old days to the greatest misery, he was obliged to have recourse to public charity, and terminated his long and agitated career in the hospital of Necker.

The Journal de Frankfort says that the Emperor of Russia, wishing to signalise the anniversary of the marriage of the Grand Duke Czarowitch, and heir to the empire, has granted commutations to 35 exiles, sentenced to hard labor for life in Siberia, but favorably spoken of by the Governor-General for good conduct, and various immunities to 85 colonised criminals, of whom 13 had already obtained permission to enter the army in Siberia. This is certainly an act of clemency.

Mr. Walters, the commander of the ship William Cunnynges, arrived at Bristol, from Cape Coast Castle, which he left on the 22d of March, reports that the Wilberforce, of the Niger Expedition, was there, on its way to Fernando Po; whence it was to proceed with the Soudan on a second expedition up the river. At Ascension, on the 10th of March, most of the invalids had sufficiently recovered to be sent home.

The Commercial Steam Navigation Company, whose boats run to the West Indies, by way of the United States, dissolved itself at its late meeting at the London Tavern. To relieve the company of its liabilities, the whole of the property is to be disposed of. It appears that the sum of £112,000 has been offered for their vessels, which left the sum of £30,000 to be raised.

As the Marquis of Waterford was driving out his bride, the horses of the phaeton ran away, and the lady suffered some contusions. The most lively interest was excited by the recent nuptials of the pair, the Marquis's kindness—(he had just forgiven his tenants a whole years rent)—and the engaging demeanor of the bride.

The Moniteur Parisien mentions a report that the correspondence of Louis Napoleon, recently seized at Boulogne, comprises about 2000 letters written to, or respecting Prince Louis, by various persons, on the occasion of the two attempts which have conducted him first to America and next to Ham.

A gentleman employed by government has, it is said, in ascending the river Juba, in Africa, fallen in with a considerable tract of country, inhabited by a curious race of pigmies, not exceeding four feet in height, with very curious views of religion and government, and exactly resembling the type of Herodotus.

Two new bishoprics are about to be formed by the committee appointed for that purpose, viz: one in New Brunswick, which, with a population of 156,000, will have an endowment of £1,300 per annum; and another in south Australia, with £1,000 per annum.

On the 12th ultimo, a fire broke forth at Bellingshausen, near Wurzburg, in Germany. The dryness of the season rendered it impossible to obtain water, and the inhabitants being in the fields, forty houses were consumed before the flames could be distinguished.

Cooke, the equestrian, has been again unfortunate. On Monday week, his circus, at Glasgow, was destroyed by fire; and though his stud were saved, a considerable portion of his valuable wardrobe was destroyed. He is partly covered by insurance.

The Earl of Rosse has been chosen President of the British Association for the ensuing year. The period of the next meeting is fixed for August, 1843, at Cork. Grants amounting to £3,330 were made for various scientific purposes.

Lieutenant General Baron Marulaz, one of the most distinguished officers under Napoleon, died a few days ago. In the course of his campaign he was wounded nineteen times, and had twenty-six horses shot under him.

Mr. Calomarde, who was president of the Spanish Counsel of Ministers under Ferdinand VII., and who had resided for a long time at Toulouse, under the title of the Duc de St. Isabel, died a few days ago in that city.

The King of Prussia has become a subscriber to the British and Foreign Bible Society. His Majesty sent a donation of £100, and has announced his intention of paying an annual subscription of £25 to the society.

The troubles in Ireland still continue, without any prospect of remedial justice or satisfaction. Even the prospect of an abundant harvest does not appear to allay the murmurs of discontent.

Upwards of thirty persons, of a fishing party, were drowned near Bangor, Wales, on the 25th, under circumstances which rendered the calamity in the highest degree afflictive.

It is reported that Lady Caroline Townley, sister to the Earl of Sefton, has recently become a convert to the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and made her first communion.

Six sail of line-of-battle ships had been put in commission by the British government, in addition to those already in service, and it was supposed they were destined for China.

The Prussian King has ordered the tragedies of Shakspeare to be represented shortly at the royal theatre, with the simple scenery of Queen Elizabeth's time.

The house of S. Oppenheim & Co., a Hamburg firm, connected with the Manchester trade, and formerly of very high standing, has just stopped payment.

The great farmer, and head of the English gentry while "Coke of Holkham," but after known as the Earl of Leicester has died, in his 91st year.

The Columbia arrived at Liverpool on the 28th ult., in nine and a half days from Halifax. The Great Western arrived at Bristol on the 29th.

His Excellency Edward Everett, the American Minister, attends the installation of the Duke of Northumberland, as chancellor, at Cambridge.

The beautiful Belvidere Temple on Harting Hill Up Park, near Hastings, the seat of Sir Henry Featherstone, was destroyed by fire.

The literary Dr. Maginn has been discharged as an insolvent. He ascribes his embarrassment to endorsing bills for *friends*.

The Premier's health has, within a few weeks, become greatly impaired, and his indisposition is rapidly increasing.

Frederick Yates, the popular performer and manager of the Adelphi Theatre, died on the 21st ult., at London.

Great progress has been made in the gigantic undertaking of erecting a lighthouse on the Goodwin Sands.

Twenty houses and a quantity of valuable property were burnt and damaged at Rotherite some time since.

The total income of Denmark in the year 1837, was £1,584,193 and the expenditures, £1,561,920.

The King and Queen of the Belgians, arrived, on a visit to her Majesty, on the 20th ult.

General News.

☞ Our readers will remember that in our last number we mentioned the general impression in Charleston, that Messrs. Mathey, Friend and Rogers, with a mulatto boy, had been drowned in going from that city to Morris' island. The Mercury of the 18th, however, contains the pleasing intelligence of their safe return, after as narrow an escape from death as we remember to have on record. It seems that by mistaking the lights, the boat got among the breakers, and was upset, when the persons in it succeeded in getting upon the bottom, and drifted out to sea, where they were driven about at the mercy of the waves—suffering every thing but death, from which they preserved themselves by mutual assistance—for *forty-three hours.* They were then fortunately discovered by Capt. Southwick of the Empire, on his way to St. Augustine. They were then eighteen miles from Charleston lights. Capt. S. immediately ran down for them and took them on board. From Capt. S., his lady and the passengers of the Empire, they received every attention and relief which generosity and kindness could dictate, and of which they stood in such pressing need. When within fifteen miles of St. Augustine, they fell in with the Stephen & Frances, on board of which they returned to Charleston on Sunday morning, in time to prevent the preaching of several funeral sermons, which had been prepared on the supposition of their loss.

☞ The greatest triumph of steam navigation yet accomplished was achieved by the British and North American royal mail steamer *Columbia*, which made her last passage from Boston to Liverpool (including a stoppage of several hours at Halifax) in 11 days and 12 hours. The *Great Western*, too, made a splendid run across the Atlantic. She sailed from New York on the same day that the Columbia left Boston, and, notwithstanding a deviation of two hundred miles to the south to avoid the ice, made the passage to Bristol in 13 days and 12 hours. The British Queen arrived at Antwerp on the 24th ult., performing her voyage from New York in less than 17 days.

☞ The Van Buren (Arkansas) Intelligencer of the 17th ult. says:—"We learn that Col. Kearney, with the dragoons, paid his respects a few days ago to the Seminoles, who recently arrived from Florida, and who became refractory at Webber's Falls. *Wild Cat* and his party were also there. Col. Kearney told them they had to leave for their own country. They refused, and the troops forced them off. Some few of them, however, perhaps a hundred in all, broke away, and succeeded in concealing themselves in the woods, and yet remains in the Cherokee country,: so says our informant."

☞ The Boston papers of Monday mention that a most terrific whirlwind passed over the city about half past two o'clock, on Sunday afternoon, from the N. W. filling the air with clouds of dust, which lasted about fifteen minutes, and immediately after it there came a heavy thunder shower which moderated into a gentle rain, and so continued until between six and seven o'clock. No very serious injury was done by it. The trees on the common and in the vicinity, were somewhat injured. The aged and favorite "Big Elm" tree, in the centre of the common, lost quite a large limb.

☞ The Florida murders still continue. On the 7th ult. a party of about forty Indians came upon the plantation of Captain Robinson, near the Sandy Ford on the Suwanee river. Captain Robinson's three sons and a hired man were ploughing and were shot dead. Capt. R. fled toward the house, but found another party of Indians in the yard. His wife and daughter were butchered and consumed with the house. He rallied the neighbors, but too late. This is the fifth or sixth massacre within a year in the same neighborhood by the same band.

☞ Colonel John Preninger, of Allegheny county, Va., not long since had one of his legs nearly severed from his body by one of his negroes who was cradling grain at the time, and with whom Colonel P. had some altercation on account of his slovenly manner of working. Mortification ensuing, the Colonel died soon after, and the negro fled. He has since been arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hung on the 12th of August.

☞ On Thursday, some of the discontented miners at Minersville, attacked the house of one who had resumed work, stoned the windows, &c. The inmates cried murder, and a neighbor discharged among the rioters a gun loaded with buck-shot. They retired, but rallied and received another shot. Two men are said to have fallen. The alarm was given and the rioters dispersed. One has been arrested.

☞ The export of flour last year from the United States to foreign countries was 1,807,301 barrels—a larger amount than has been exported for many years. It is stated in the New York Express as a singular fact, that a very large portion of the hard bread that supplies the shipping of England, and employed in India, is made in New York. The manufacture here is so good, and the flour so much lower than in England, that it is shipped to London in bond, from which it is taken for the shipping, thus avoiding the heavy British duties. Formerly, the hard bread biscuit was made round, it is now made square, so as to make much better stowage, which in long voyages is important.

☞ We learn from a paper published in Stamford Connecticut, that a fool-daring feat was a few days ago performed on that town. A boy named Barnes ascended the north end of the Congregational Church, so along the ridge of the roof, and up the steeple to the top of the vane, (a distance of about two hundred feet,) by the aid of nothing but the lightning rod attached to the building. From the ground to the top of the vane is one hundred and twenty-one feet. After swinging awhile upon the vane, and dancing a jig upon the brass ball, he descended again, with apparent self-confidence that he had not been in the least exposed to danger.

☞ Andrew Pollock, a book-keeper in the Bank of North America, at New York, has proved to have defrauded that institution of about fifteen thousand dollars. It was done by prefixing a figure in the place of thousands, in an account kept in the name of a friend. By this course detection was avoided. He is on his way to England in the last steamer, and has left a wife and one child to bear the disgrace of his villany. A reward of five hundred dollars is offered for his apprehension, and five hundred more for the misapplied funds.

☞ It is somewhat singular, though true—we have it on the authority of those engaged in the department—that a live garter snake, about twelve inches in length, was found in the Savannah mail bag, on opening it at the Baltimore post office, last Saturday evening. What object his snakeship had in thus clandestinely passing through the country free of charge, we are unable to divine. Sure it is, however, that we have at last hit upon a true snake story. The reptile was decapitated and carried off by some boys.

☞ An Important Decision has recently been made in Boston, by Judge Story, on an appeal, which is, in effect, that mechanics have a right, collectively or individually, to ask what remuneration they like for their services, without being subject to prosecution for conspiracy. Truly, the remnants of aristocracy are being exploded, and the people are beginning to believe that mechanics have as much right to regulate their labor as bankers have to regulate their rates of discount.

☞ Charles F. Mitchell was on Monday removed from his cell in the city prison at New York, and lodged in the State Prison at Sing Sing, to enter upon his three years term of imprisonment in that receptacle of the guilty. His venerable and worthy mother, whose feelings of maternal fondness continued to the last unchanged, accompanied her guilty son to his prison house, and only left him when he was shut out from her view in his solitary cell.

☞ A company has been organized in Indiana to construct a canal from Fort Wayne on the Wabash to Elkhart on the St. Joseph, to be called the Erie and Michigan canal. The distance is sixty miles. This canal together with the Wabash and Erie canal, would open a water communication between lakes Michigan and Erie through the St. Joseph and Maumee rivers. It is a great enterprise.

☞ A young man named Lawrence was drowned at Cape May, on Thursday, while bathing. He was about 20 years of age, the only son of a widow. Several similar accidents have taken place there. Boats and buoys should be kept in readiness at such places, and a towline should be held by the swimmer. Without some such precautions, Cape May will be shunned by all pleasure seekers.

☞ The British steamer *Tweed*, lying in Havana, took fire on the 14th inst. from spontaneous combustion of the coal in her lower hold. The money and ammunition were got out. The steamer was then filled with water from her engines. The precise damage to the *Tweed* was not ascertained, but is supposed to be considerable. The *Tweed* was recently from Vera Cruz.

☞ Dr. J. B. Pond arrived at Charleston from the interior of Georgia on the 14th, and took lodging at the Planters' Hotel. Nothing unusual was observed in his demeanor, but as he did not come down to breakfast the next morning, he was called, and finally his room entered, and he was found with his throat cut from ear to ear. No cause can, as yet, be assigned for the fatal act.

☞ Some eight or ten of the principal Forwarders on the Pennsylvania Canal were lately tried at Pittsburg, on a charge of combining to keep up the prices of transportation, convicted, and sentenced by Judge Patton to one or two months imprisonment each, and fines of $100 and $200. Gov. Porter instantly on hearing of this remitted the penalty and released them.

☞ The Washingtonians of Hartford celebrated the Anniversary of American Independence in the first distillery erected in Connecticut. The building is 204 feet long, and there was room to set six tables the whole length. The stand for the orators was a still upside down, and capable of accommodating four persons. This is "carrying the war into Africa."

☞ The Lottery system is extinct in New Jersey, with the single exception of a grant made in the year of 1791, to a society for the purpose of establishing useful manufactures having among other privileges power to raise $100,000 by lottery. If the sum is not yet raised, it would be true economy for the State to suppress the lottery, and pay the difference.

☞ In the Supreme Judicial Court at Boston, Chief Justice Shaw, on Saturday delivered an important opinion, declaring that combinations of workmen to raise or fix the standard of their wages is not an indictable offence. The decision was given in the case of some journeymen boot-makers who had been indicted for a conspiracy.

☞ An individual named Edward Stevenson, has published a statement in the Sangamo (Ill.) Journal, in which he affirms that his brother was murdered in Jackson county, on the 3d June, by two Mormons named Brown and Abbott, because he would not contribute to build the Temple at Nauvoo.

☞ The New York papers state that all goods seized in Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia, on alleged frauds, belonging to Mr. A. L. Pronch, have been released by order of the Collector of the port—the investigation having proved that there was not sufficient cause for their detention.

☞ Havana papers to the 14th inst. have been received, announcing the death of Don Jorquin de la Puente, Second Alcalde of Matanzas, by assassination. The authors of the crime had not been discovered. Some of the servants of the deceased had been arrested on suspicion.

☞ The Journal of Commerce says that Mr. Pentz, who has long been the energetic Secretary of the Atlantic Insurance Company of New York, has resigned his office in consequence of a deficiency of some five or six thousand dollars in his accounts.

☞ Gen. Zachariah Rossell, of Trenton, N. J., died in that city on the 21st inst., aged 54 years. He has for twenty-five years held the lucrative office of Clerk of the Supreme Court, having been elected every fifth year, his fifth term expiring this year.

☞ The late United States Marshal, of Ohio, has been fined five hundred dollars for using the money furnished by government to pay his deputies in taking the census, and putting off upon them depreciated currency.

☞ A heavy freshet occurred in the Rancocus creek, N. J., a few days since, carrying away bridges and dams, and drowning three young men, Joseph Kirkbride, John Wilson, and a son of Caleb A. L. Shinn.

☞ It is said that the tax on every person—man, woman and child—in France, is about $12 a year; in Great Britain, $36 a year, and in the United States about $1 a year. A small difference, to be sure.

☞ The city of St. John, N. B., was made a scene of some disgraceful fights between Orangemen and Ribbonmen, on the 13th inst., the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne.

☞ The New York and Albany Railroad Company are to break ground in the course of the ensuing week, in Westchester, Duchess and Rensselaer counties.

☞ Hon. Philander Stephens, formerly a member of Congress, died at Springfield, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, on the 8th, aged 54 years.

☞ Tropical Fruit, such as the fig, grape and olive, flourish as well about Mississippi city, and all along the coast, as in Tuscany or Languedoc.

☞ Elias Davis, of Jefferson county, N. Y., has recovered a verdict of $1000 against her cousin, Lewis Clark, for a breach of promise of marriage.

☞ Governor Runnels, of Mississippi, it is said, is about to join the Texan army, and will be followed by many a gallant spirit.

☞ Mr. George Peck, of Providence, accidentally shot himself on a gunning excursion last Thursday, and died immediately.

☞ Milwaukie, Wisconsin, contains 2765 inhabitants; the county, 10,411.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ In four groups of Islands in the Pacific ocean, where 20 years ago the people were idolaters, and most of them cannibals, there are now 40,000 members of Christian churches. In one district in Southern India, the Church Missionary Society have 19,000 candidates for baptism, and 683 communicants. In New Zealand, in a district of the island, the average attendance of the natives upon divine worship is 7,517; candidates for baptism 1,400; native Christians 876. By the labors of missionaries of the American Board, 50 churches have been gathered among the heathens, embracing about 20,000 members.

☞ The *Aggadi*, a new sect—or rather an old sect revived—whose creed is that God forbids marriage and eating flesh, of which history speaks of flourishing to some extent *Anno* 194—has sprung up in the vicinity of Nauvoo, near Jo. Smith's dominions. It is said, (in the Nashville Union) to be under the pastoral care of *John Smith*, and is intended to be an auxiliary of *Mormonism*. The success of such absurdities of "Millerism," etc., is sufficient to encourage any thing, no matter how ridiculous or contemptible.

☞ Mr. Hartly, the late Corresponding Secretary of the New York City Temperance Society, has recently made a report of the progress of this cause in the city. He states that the number of names enrolled is 179,624, of whom 120,000 have taken the total abstinence pledge. In this aggregate is included 237 clergymen, 429 physicians, 4976 Germans, 900 colored persons, 13,380 seamen, and 23,300 Irish Protestants and Roman Catholics.

☞ The dedication of the new edifice of the old Dutch Church of Bergen, drew together on Thursday week, more than a thousand people. This venerable church is probably the oldest, or nearly so, of the 400 churches of all sects in New Jersey. The village was settled by a company of Danes and Hollanders as early as 1616. It comprises now about 200 families.

☞ The munificent sum of £10,000 has been collected in the Protestant Churches of Prussia, for the schools and hospitals belonging to the Bishoprick of Jerusalem on Mount Zion, in compliance with the order of the king. "Kings shall be thy nursing Fathers!"

☞ The Rev. Dr. Bangs has signified to the Prudential Committee, his intention to resign the Presidency of the Wesleyan University, immediately after the approaching Commencement, which is to take place in Middletown, August 3d.

☞ The Board of Foreign Missions will hold a meeting in Norwich, Conn., on the 13th of September. The receipts of the Board for the first eleven months of the year, the Observer of this city says, have reached $300,000.

☞ A new Baptist Church was dedicated at Portsmouth, Va., on the 17th inst. The building measures 55 by 70 feet, and cost about $16,000. The dedication sermon was preached by the Rev. E. L. Magoon.

☞ A new Roman Catholic Church was dedicated at Bridgeport, Ct., last week, and another at West Troy on Sunday.

☞ The corner stone of a new Catholic Church was to be laid at Albany, N. Y., this week, by Bishop Hughes.

The Army and Navy.

☞ The New York Commercial Advertiser says that a weapon of the most destructive character has lately been invented by an American resident in England, and the model sent to this country to be submitted to the U. S. Government for their purchase or approval. The principles of its destructibility have not been divulged, nor will they probably be if our government purchases the exclusive right. It is represented to be an "infernal machine" of the first water, not only scattering destruction where it strikes, but cutting and slashing as it proceeds, with two-edged teeth and cutters. The model is in the hands of an intelligent engineer of New York, who will shortly proceed to Washington on the subject.

☞ The Madisonian states that the war steamer Union, built upon Lieut. Hunter's plan and under his supervision, measures one thousand and forty tons, and that her hull has been completed in all respects for the sum of sixty-four thousand dollars. This includes hull, masts, spars, rigging, sails, boats and water works. Nautical men of the greatest experience and skill admit that this vessel promises to be as efficient as any other that has ever been built. With her machinery on board and every thing ready for service, except her armament, her cost will not exceed one hundred and ten thousand dollars. This is, without doubt the cheapest vessel of war that has ever been built.

☞ The brigantine and three schooners which sailed from Indian Key on the 10th of July, have arrived at Norfolk. They are, schr. Flirt, Lt. Com. McLaughlin, senior officer of the squadron; brigantine Jefferson, Lt. Com. John Rogers; schr. Van Buren, Lt. Com. Marchand; schr. Madison, Lt. Com. Herndon. The schrs. Wave and Phœnix remain at their station. The steam frigate Missouri, Capt. Newton, left Norfolk on Tuesday week, on a short cruise on the Northern coast.

☞ The following vessels compose the Pacific squadron: Sloops of war Yorktown, Captain Aulick; St. Louis, Commander Forrest; schooner Shark, H. Eagle, lieutenant commanding; store-ship Relief, J. S. Nicholas, lieutenant commanding—at Callao, waiting the arrival of the United States, daily expected there, bearing the flag of Commodore Jones. The sloop of war Cyane had sailed on a cruise to leeward, the Dale having gone to windward.

☞ The remains of the late Lieutenant James F. Izard, of the 1st Regiment of U. S. Dragoons, have been disinterred from their resting place at Camp Izard, on the Withlacoochee, Florida, and removed by order of Col. Worth, to St. Augustine, for interment in the military burial ground near old Fort Marion.

☞ The U. S. brig Apprentice arrived at New York on Monday night. On her passage she stopped at quite a number of places. Among the rest, at New Bedford, New London, Hartford and New Haven.

Political Intelligence.

☞ The Hon. Mr. Pickens, member of Congress from South Carolina, has notified his constituents of his intention to withdraw from Congress. As the districts in South Carolina are not yet arranged, and as that State must loose two members, it is difficult to say who will be the candidate to succeed Mr. P.

☞ The Nashville Whig says many resignations of Senators and Representatives, both Whigs and Democrats, have reached the capitol, and things begin to wear the appearance of a general resignation of the Tennessee Legislature.

☞ A Democratic State Convention is to assemble at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 7th day of September next, for nominating candidates for Governor and Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts, and for other purposes.

☞ State elections take place in Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Alabama and Missouri, the first Monday in August; and in North Carolina and Tennessee on the 1st Thursday.

☞ The Hon John C. Calhoun has been invited to partake of a public dinner, at Shocco Springs, Warren, N. C., and has accepted the invitation.

Local Intelligence.

An atrocious murder was committed in the midst of our city about 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning. The victim, says the *Inquirer*, from which we get the particulars, was Mr. Noah Longee, Exchange Broker, No. 39 south Third street, just above Chesnut. The offender is a tall young man of good appearance, said to be from Kentucky, about 21 years of age, who arrived at the Franklin House about five o'clock in the morning, and entered his name as A. Smith. It is believed, however, that his real name is Milton J. Alexander. The first intimation of the dreadful deed was given by an appalling scream which proceeded from the office of Mr. L., and directed the attention of persons to that quarter. The murderer was seen darting from the office, and as soon as he was out, he raised the alarm of "Stop Thief!" Mr. L. was in pursuit; he reached the pavement, turned back again into his office, where he fell, and died in about 15 minutes. He was about 40 years of age, has left four daughters, and resided in Nanson st. He formerly lived in Cincinnati, where he was the agent of the Louisville Savings Institution, and at the time of the recent riots left very suddenly. The first office he opened in this city was in Third street *below* Chesnut, and a female, supposed to be one of his daughters, attended it for a short time. He was very attentive to business, kept open early and late, and his was almost the only office open at the time of the murder. The cause of the murder is not very apparent, but it is probably a desire of plunder, though there is a story of the fellow's having been wronged by his victim in Cincinnati, and another of his having called him a "liar," in some conversation on the morning of the act, respecting a note which he wished to have changed, etc. We hope, for the credit of the city, the trial of the offender will be prompt, and his punishment certain and exemplary.

SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance or six months.
Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.
Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.
Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.
Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

SISMONDI.

Another of the great lights which rose in Europe during the last century, has just set. John Charles Leonard de Simonde, one of the most celebrated historians and political economists of the age, died at his country seat near Geneva, on the twenty-fifth of June, aged sixty-nine years. Sismondi's family were originally of Pisa, but had been for some time settled in the South of France. His father, an old member of the Genevan Government, retired to England in consequence of the troubles in the Canton during the year 1792, and on his return, two years afterward, was sentenced, with his son, to a heavy fine and a year's imprisonment. On recovering his liberty, Sismondi the younger, went into Tuscany, where he was subjected to new persecutions. The French first threw him into prison as an aristocrat, and Geneva having in the meanwhile been annexed to France, the Italians confined him as a Frenchman. In the autumn of the year 1800, he returned to Geneva, and published his first work *Tableau de l' Agriculture Toscane*, which was followed in rapid succession by many important publications, particularly, in 1803, by a treatise in two octavo volumes, entitled, *De la Richesse Commerciale*. His studies were not confined to history, politics, and the sciences connected with them. He explored every department of elegant learning; his extensive knowledge of the literature of foreign countries, particularly of the criticism and poetry of Germany, had a tendency to elevate his views above the narrow conventional rules which then obtained in French æsthetics; and his *Literature du Midi de l' Europe*—which in part was translated into English, and published in London, in two volumes—forms a new era in French literary history. His two greatest historical works are *Histoire des Republiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, in sixteen octavo volumes, and the History of France, in twenty-four volumes. His other most important works are, New Principles of Political Economy, etc. in two volumes; Julia Severa, a historical romance, illustrating the condition of Gaul at the time of the invasion of Clovis, near the close of the fifth century; History of the Italian Republics, being a View of the Rise and Fall of Italian Freedom, in two volumes; and *Des Espérances et des Besoins de l' Italie*, published in 1832. He was a constant contributor to the *Revue Encyclopedique* until its adoption of the Saint Simonian principles, and he wrote most of the notices of important historical personages in the *Biographie Universelle*. In his political character he was an aristocratic republican. He was apparently opposed to the imperial government until Napoleon returned to France from Elba, when he gave to the world an eulogium on the French Constitution, and addressed to the French Nation a warm appeal in behalf of the Emperor. As a historian, he ranked among the first who have ever lived. His writings are distinguished for scrupulous exactness, are replete with instruction in regard to facts, and in their pictures of social changes. Such of his works as have been republished in this country, have been highly esteemed by all men of learning and judgment. For the last four or five years, the venerable author had lived in seclusion, near Geneva, universally respected, by his companions for his virtues, and by the world for his acquirements and genius.

OUR MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

The kindly feelings which pervade the English nation toward this country, were happily exhibited on the occasion of the late meeting of the British Association of Science, at Manchester, in the honors bestowed on our distinguished Minister, Mr. Edward Everett. This Society numbers among its members the principal scientific and literary men of the world, and we regard the cordial manifestation of good feeling toward America, indicated in its reception of Mr. Everett, as the highest compliment that could have been paid. Lord Francis Egerton presided at the Society's dinner, and among the guests were Signor Paul Frisiani, of Milan; the Hon. and Very Rev. William Herbert; the Rev. Dr. Peacock; the Marquis Sauli, of Genoa; H. Hallam, F.R.S.; the Rev. Wm. Vernon Harcourt, F.R.S.; R. I. Murchison, F.R.S. Pres. G.S.; the Hon. Edward Everett, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States; the Marquis of Northampton, Pres. R.S. P.S.A.; Professor Jacobi, of Konigsberg, who wore the insignia of the Prussian order of Merit, and of the Prussian order of the Red Eagle; the Bishop of Norwich; Sir William Hamilton, F.R.S, astronomer royal of Ireland; Rev. Professor Sedwick, F.R.S; Sir David Brewster, K.C.H. LL.D. F.R.S; M. Erman, of Berlin; Sir William Jardine, F.R.S.E.; Professor John Phillips, F.R.S.; His Excellency M. Reichel, of Petersburg; Professor Brachmann, of Moscow; Count Keyserling, of St. Petersburg; Baron de Bach, of Germany; Rev. Dr. Shepherd; Sir Charles Lemon, F.R.S.; Sir Henry T. de la Beche, F.R.S.; the Rev. Dr. Buckland; Dr. Richardson, F.R.S.; the Marquis Torrigiani; Professor Graham; Dr. Roget, Secretary Royal Society, &c. Lord Francis Egerton, after the usual routine of toasts, remarked that among the distinguished foreigners present there was one whom, although he came from a far country, from another hemisphere, and as the representative of a foreign state, still he would not class as "a foreigner"—nor would he nor any of his countrymen be so considered in England. They spoke a common language, they had a common origin, and the same Anglo-Saxon blood flowed in the veins of both. It was only necessary to go from the factory exhibitions of Manchester to the quays and docks of Liverpool, for any man to be convinced that no mission could be at once more honorable or more important than that of cultivating and cementing, if he may, friendly relations between two such countries as the United States of America and England, which was, he believed, the main part of the mission of the distinguished individual near him, to this country. The high reputation of his honorable friend had preceded him here; and he (the chairman) was sure that England would consider she could not have had a higher compliment paid to her by the United States, than in sending Mr. Everett as her representative. The health of his Excellency was then drunk by the company standing, and with marked enthusiasm. Mr. Everett on rising to reply, was received with great cheering. We extract from the report of what he said, as follows:

He said that he should be more or less than man if he did not feel considerable embarrassment at the manner in which the toast had been received. He was, however, relieved by the conviction that it was meant to reach far beyond himself—across the Atlantic—and that it was meant for the people whom he had the honor to represent. (Cheers.) He accepted all their kindness in the spirit of frankness in which it was given. Whilst he experienced such a welcome as the present, he felt indeed that he was not a stranger among them, but in crossing the wide ocean that separated his country from theirs, he had come into the land of his fathers to receive the kindness and the charities of hospitality at the hands of their successors. (Cheers.) His excellency then adverted to the relations between colonies and mother countries whether founded upon conquest or emigration. Egypt, Greece, and Rome, had each had colonies, but there never had been, and there never could be, such relations between them as now existed between the United States of America and this country. (Applause.) Those relations were to be found in the mysterious bond of a common language, a common origin, and a perfect conviction that they were destined to exercise an all-powerful influence on each other, and to fulfil the highest ends in the order of Providence for the welfare and happiness of both.

Mr. Everett then adverted to the origin, progress, and vast extent of the cotton trade, which, dating no further back than 1784, expanded so rapidly and to so vast an extent as to have carried England through the wars and the conflicts attendant on the great French Revolution, and to have mainly sustained her enormous expenditures since. He added:

Republicans as they (the Americans) were, there was a much greater affinity between America and Great Britain, politically speaking, than between any of the European monarchies, or between any two nations on the face of the earth. (Cheers.) With the Americans as with the British, liberty was enshrined in the constitution; and if the pillars of their monarchy were laid deep in the minds and the affections of the people, by which they were brought to support the throne, the foundations of American liberties rested upon trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, freedom of speech, the liberty of the press, and self government, tempered by submission to lawful authority. (Cheers.) His Excellency concluded by expressing the happiness he should feel in being instrumental in cementing the best understanding between England and the United States, and resumed his seat amid the cheers of the assembly.

On the same day, at a public meeting in Manchester, an address was adopted and afterwards presented to Mr. Everett on behalf of the "Merchants, Manufacturers," &c. of that city, in which they say they "gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of expressing the friendly sentiments they entertained towards the great country whose people and government" is represented by Mr. E.—speak of the strong ties of blood, language, interest, &c. which connect the countries—and remark that they are of the same branch of the human family as the people of that land "where man is pursuing with unfaltering steps all that is great and noble"—that "much of what is cheering in the future progress of the world may depend on the career of two nations so intimately allied, and that a heavy responsibility is imposed on each, in working out its part of the all wise designs of Providence, in the advancement of the highest common interests of our race"—and that the best friend of both countries is he who promotes enduring amity between them. The address then adverts to the condition of trade between the two countries—regrets that there exists any restrictions upon it—and expresses the conviction that "the doom of monopoly is sealed" in England, and that "ere long, the abundant products" of the U. S. and "the various manufactures" of England, "will be freely interchanged;" that they are "most anxious that perpetual peace should exist between the two countries, founded on mutual respect and mutual benefits, and that wherever the flag of either may be unfurled, it may be hailed as the herald of amity, civilization, and religion. The address closes with wishes for the personal welfare of the Minister, and that his mission may promote that friendship between the two countries, which is the sentiment of "a vast majority" of the people of the Three Kingdoms. Mr. E. made a happy reply, in which he fully reciprocated all the good feeling of the address. He said:—

The relation between our two countries is indeed, sir, as you have described it, of a most intimate character; more so probably than has ever existed between two great states. I am gratified to believe that this relation has contributed, in no small degree, to the prosperity of both; and that such may continue to be the case, must be the desire of every patriotic citizen of either country. (Cheers.) On those topics of the address, which are matters of controversy, both in England and the United States, the delicacy of my official position precludes me from any comment. Our two governments (led by similar considerations in reference to the state of their finances) are now engaged in revising the laws of trade. I shall cordially rejoice in the utmost possible extension of commercial intercourse, which the wisdom and experience of the two governments shall deem compatible with the welfare of their constituents. (Loud cheers.) In your wishes for the perpetuation of peace between England and the United States, I most heartily concur. Its interruption I should deem most disastrous to both; I will add, to the whole civilized world. (Renewed cheers.) Nothing that I can do, consistently with my duty to my country, shall be spared to avert such a catastrophe, of which, I am happy to say, I have no apprehensions. It is my ardent desire that our two kindred countries may run a long and glorious career of mutual and emulous exertion to promote the arts of civilized life.

OBSERVATORIES.

One of the professors of Harvard College, we understand, has been several days in this city, examining the instruments and building of the High School observatory, preparatory to the erection of a new building on a small eminence, about three quarters of a mile west of Cambridge. At this time, the instruments of our observatory, as well as the tower and dome erected for their use, are the only models of the kind which approach to the character of those in Europe; and many teachers and artisans from various parts of the country have been led to the city to examine them. Hitherto the limited means for promoting astronomical science in the United States have been discreditable to the government and people. The only observatories we have heard of were a small establishment owned by Professor Hopkins, of Williams College, Massachusetts; one owned by Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown, New Jersey; a third attached to the Western Reserve College, in Ohio; and a fourth at Tuscaloosa, in Alabama. Now, beside the above, and our own, there is a small one at New Haven; eight thousand dollars have been subscribed for the establishment of one at Cincinnati; the National Institution at Washington, are taking means preparatory to erection of one at the Capital; funds are in readiness to purchase instruments and erect a tower in Cambridge, and the faculty of Yale College are preparing to establish one at New Haven. The American Philosophical Society has likewise in its treasury about five thousand dollars to be devoted to the promotion of astronomical science. These proceedings constitute a very good beginning.

In Europe, it is ascertained, there are not less than one hundred and twenty observatories, the largest and most expensive of which was founded two years since by the Emperor of Russia, near St. Petersburg, in a region where it is comparatively valueless, as it is so near the pole that it offers to the inspection of the eye but a limited portion of the northern hemisphere, and the atmosphere is so chilled that an observation of the heavenly bodies is impracticable during ten months of the year. Mehemet Ali, too, had in course of erection a similar establishment for magnetic and meteorological observations, to be completed at his own cost; while our more "enlightened" legislators instead of imitating the "barbarous" Egyptian in his efforts for the promotion of philosophical inquiry, expend annually three times the amount necessary for the erection of an Observatory that would answer all useful purposes, in the purchase of valueless baubles for the adornment of the Capitol.

If observatories were of slight or questionable worth, the apathy evinced in regard to them by our Government might be deserving of no censure; if they were monuments of national vanity, contributing nothing to the general wealth, the ostentatious monarchies of Europe would be their more appropriate theatre; but so far from their being so, they are in the highest degree practical, and more necessary to this country, than, with the single exception of England, perhaps, to any other in the world. We have vast interests involved in Commerce, and this of itself constitutes a sufficient reason for erecting them in every principal port along our coasts. The expense attending the establishment of an observatory is generally overrated. Large telescopes are in some cases necessary, the art of dividing having been carried so far that small instruments are insufficient; but a building can be furnished for three thousand dollars that will answer all ordinary purposes. The duty of establishing observatories is clearly within the province of the Government. Those in other countries have uniformly owed their existence to public appropriations. In the British Islands, there are observatories at the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford; at Edingburgh and Glasgow, in Scotland; and at Dublin and Armagh, in Ireland; all receiving some patronage from the crown; in addition to which, there has been erected, under the same patronage, an observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, already celebrated for the labors of Sir John Herschell. There are beside some half dozen establishments upon various remote and widely separated dependencies of the British empire, including Van Dieman's Land, for the immediate building and furnishing of which, arrangements have been lately made by the Government. We hope to see the United States a little in advance of Timbuctoo and Kamschatka in the same field.

FIRST NATIONAL AUTHORS.

Some writer who has recently given an account of the first authors of the different nations, seems to have forgotten that we Americans had a pioneer in letters, in the person of "ye renowned poet of New England, Benjamin Thompson, learned schoolmaster and physician," of Dorchester, Plymouth colony. He flourished about one hundred years ago, and is considered the first native writer of much reputation. We mention below some of the earliest authors of other nations. The Pentateuch, or the five books of Moses, in Hebrew, is the oldest book extant, written about 1500 before Christ, or over 3,300 years ago. The oldest Greek books, and author, are the Illiad and Odyssey, of Homer, written about 900 B. C. The earliest Latin works extant, are the Comedies of M. Accius Plautus, written 200 B. C. The earliest British author is Gildas, who wrote a Conquest of Britain, A. D. 500. The first French writer was Venan Fortunatis, who wrote a book of Latin Poetry, A. D. 560. The earliest Arabian, Persian or Turkish work of any note, is the Koran of Mohammed, written A. D. 600. The earliest German work is the book of Poems and Theology, of Walafred Strabo A. D. 841. The first Russian work was the compilation of a Code of Laws, by Yaroslaf, in the year A. D. 1060. The first Spanish writer was Arian, on law, before 580, A. D. The earliest Portuguese author is Mouez, who wrote songs, &c., A. D. 1100. The earliest Italian author is Accursius, a writer on Jurisprudence, 1182—1260. The first Swedish author is Eric Olai, who wrote in 1460, a History of the Goths and Sweeds. The first Polish writer is Vinc Kadlubek, who wrote in 1226 a history of Poland.

THE CROTON WATER-WORKS.

The New York Courier says that the entire cost of the Croton Aqueduct—the greatest of the kind in any country in any age of the world—is estimated at Fourteen Millions of Dollars, which includes the cost of distribution through the city in Iron Pipes. This large sum bears an interest averaging about six and a half per cent., making the annual interest upon the whole investment, Nine Hundred and Ten Thousand Dollars. Add to this repairs, superintendence, &c. &c., and $950,000 per annum is the least possible sum that it will cost the city. The proprietors of the Astor House are about to have pipes for Croton water put into every room in their immense establishment. The cost of putting them up will be very great. As to the water itself, it will cost them about five hundred dollars a year, which may seem a very large sum, but when it is considered that they already pay about three hundred and seventy-five dollars for water, and that a considerable saving in labor will be effected, the new arrangement will be seen to be cheaper than the present plan.

Literary Intelligence, &c.

The copyright question is attracting much attention in England. We learn from a number of the London Chronicle, received by the *Acadia*, that a public meeting of authors and publishers was held early in July, at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of adopting measures to prevent the increasing evil of foreign piracy of British literary works. It was fully attended, and among the gentlemen who took part in the proceedings, were Lord William Lennox, Sir Charles Morgan, James, the novelist, J. S. Buckingham, Spottiswoode, Bentley, Colman, Grant, Dickinson, Browne, Chorley, Ashbourne, Simpson, and many others. The chairman, the well-known publisher, Mr. Longman, opened the business by simply stating the object of the meeting. Mr. James, in a very able and lucid speech, exposed the great injustice which literary piracy by foreigners inflicted on British authors and publishers. He instanced cases wherein works which cost there £1 11s. 6d., were sold in America for 1s. 3d., and wherein several thousand copies were published abroad, while only one thousand were put in circulation there. He concluded by moving a resolution asserting that a right in property in literary productions ought to be recognized by all civilized nations, which was seconded by Lord William Lennox. The other gentlemen mentioned above moved resolutions condemnatory of foreign literary piracy, as detrimental to authors, publishers, and readers. It was ultimately resolved that the resolutions adopted should be forwarded to the proper departments of the Government, in order to induce Her Majesty's Government to give the subject their immediate attention, and to adopt means for bringing about such treaties with foreign powers as would enforce a mutual recognition of literary property.

☞ Mr. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" is very favorably noticed in some of the London periodicals. Albany Fonblanque's "Examiner," the highest critical authority in England, confesses surprise at the great number of our bards, and the amount of good verse which they have produced.

"Any very great novelty, we are bound to say," remarks the *Examiner*, "must not be expected in them by the best natured. This is a point given up, in an honest manful way, by even Mr. Griswold himself. But on the whole there is prettier writing than an unprepared reader would look for. It is quite surprising—the number of graceful and earnest utterances in the manner of Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Landon—that seem from these samples to be constantly going on among our transatlantic brethren."

Longfellow is singled out for especial admiration; his Psalm of Life, What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist, and the Village Blacksmith, are quoted, and the article concludes with the following paragraph.

"We must not forget to thank Mr. Griswold, before we close his volume, for the good taste and good feeling of his preface. It would be difficult to overpraise either. While he urges his countrymen to worthier and more original effort—he discriminates the true secret of languid and ineffectual attempts they have hitherto made to achieve a literature distinctively their own. Mr. Griswold is an earnest and intelligent advocate for an 'honest and politic system of Reciprocal Copyright.' He says very well—and the saying is worth more attention from more governments than his own, than is commonly given to it—that Literature not less than Wealth adds to a nation's happiness and greatness, and that the man of letters should receive quite as much of the care and assistance of the government, as is extended to the agriculturist or the manufacturer."

☞ The letters of Cortes, we believe, were wholly or in part translated by the lamented Robert C. Sands, but never published. We learn from Langley's last Literary Advertiser, that a translation of the Letters and Despatches of the Conquestador to the Emperor Charles V. has been made by Mr. George Folsom, of New York, and is now in press in that city. The first of these Letters or Despatches was written by Cortes soon after landing in Mexico, and published at Seville, in 1522. The others appeared at subsequent dates. They contain a full account of the events of the conquest, and are written in a style of great simplicity and elegance. Cortes constantly speaks in the first person, unlike Cæsar, who, in his commentaries used the third; and the details not only of occurrences, but of the motives that actuated the conqueror, and the reasons assigned for his various movements, are given by him in an official manner. The letters first appeared in Italian at Venice, in 1524, and they have all been translated into various other European languages at different periods. English historians have consulted them, especially Robertson, who refers to a Latin translation of 1532. Humboldt, in his great work on Mexico, constantly cites the original, following the edition of Archbishop Lorenzana, published at the city of Mexico, in 1774. This is the edition which Mr. Folsom has used in making his version. They have never yet been published in the English language.

☞ The foreign reviews and magazines for July, are less interesting than usual, yet they contain some articles that will command attention. The new number of the *Foreign Quarterly*, has an article entitled "The American Envoy and the King of the French," in which General Cass is used with little courtesy. Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler gives in *Bentley's Miscellany*, a lively sketch of a journey from Philadelphia to Georgia, which is by no means flattering to the people she saw on the route, or the fare provided at the taverns. The same magazine publishes Longfellow's fine poem "Excelsior," as an original contribution to its pages! *Blackwood*, for the month, is learned and rather dull. Among its articles are one on Cicero, one on India and Affghanistan, one on the condition of Greece, etc. The *Metropolitan* has recently become very poor, and the last number, like many preceding ones, is filled with continuations of indifferent novels. The Dublin *University* is now next in merit to the "leading magazine of the world," the *Blackwood*. The July issue contains a continuation of "Charles O'Malley"—the same chapters which, received in advance of the publication in Europe, we gave last week—a fine story entitled "Carl Stelling, the Painter of Dresden," by Dr. Laver, and many other pleasant articles.

☞ Among the new societies founded in London is one under the patronage and presidency of Lord Francis Egerton, called the "Ælfric Society," for the illustration of Anglo-Saxon and early English history and philology. Its object is the publication of those Anglo-Saxon and other literary monuments, both civil and ecclesiastical, tending to illustrate the early state of England, which have either not yet been given to the world, or of which a more correct and convenient edition may be deemed desirable. The works are to be published in uniform octavo volumes, containing the Anglo-Saxon originals and a translation. It is proposed to commence the series with "The Homilies of the Anglo-Saxons," of which a considerable portion are ascribed to the learned prelate by whose name the society is distinguished; to be followed by "The Lives of the Anglo-Saxon Saints," "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," the works of King Alfred, viz: his versions of Beda's Ecclesiastical History, of Gregorius de Cura Pastorali, and of Orosius; together with such other early remains as the society may deem worthy of publication.

☞ Lynde M. Walter, late editor of the Boston Transcript, died on Sunday evening last, at the age of 43, after a confinement of two years. For twelve years he was editor of the Boston Transcript, and always distinguished himself as a man of industry, sobriety, courtesy, and marked gentlemanly deportment, who never, knowingly, injured a human being. His literary taste was good, his reading extensive, and with the modern press but very few could have had a more correct and intimate acquaintance.

☞ There have been found lately in the Sierra Elvira, in Spain, more than two hundred Roman tombs, and an aqueduct. Several skeletons bore the rings of Roman knights, and some of them had in the mouth the piece of money destined to pay the ferryman Charon. These skeletons crumbled into dust as soon as they were touched. With them were found gold and silver bracelets, amber and crystal necklaces, ornaments of various kinds and pieces of armour.

☞ La Petite Chouannerie, is the title of a new work of some interest just published in London. It is the account of a spirited college insurrection in Britany, against the Emperor during the Hundred Days. The author, A. F. Rio, is spoken of as a sincere and accomplished man. His work contains several fine poetical contributions, relating to his subject, from Wordsworth, Mrs. Norton, Landor, and Monkton Milnes.

☞ The commencement of the New York University took place on Wednesday of last week. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon 21 young gentlemen; that of A. M. on about twenty. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. W. Adams, Rev. R. Dickinson, and Rev. J. McDonald, of Scotland, all of the Presbyterian Church; and the degree of L.L.D. upon Chief Justice Taney.

☞ A new tragedy, entitled "Edwin the Fair," from the pen of Henry Taylor, Esq., author of the remarkable poem, "Philip Von Artevelde," has just been published in London by Murray.

☞ Sir Edward L. Bulwer has recently completed a new drama, which Mr. Macready has accepted, and it will be one of the earliest novelties at Drury Lane next season.

☞ The Rev. G. W. Bethune, D. D., will deliver the annual address before the Andover Theological Institution, at the approaching commencement.

☞ William B. Reed, Esq., will deliver the annual address before the Phi Beta Kappa, of Harvard University next month.

Abel Parsons, or the Brother's Revenge, is the title of a new American novel just published by J. Winchester, New York, and for sale by G. B. Zieber, Philadelphia: price twelve-and-a-half cents. The scenes are laid in the city of New York, and the characters, drawn from real life, cannot fail to attract attention. The time of the narrative is in the autumn and winter of the year 1835, when the Great Fire took place, by which a large portion of the business part of the city was reduced to ashes. We are acquainted with few passages in novels more vivid or more impressive than the description of the Conflagration, in the concluding chapters of "Abel Parsons."

☞ It is related that Galileo, who invented the telescope, with which he observed the satellites of Jupiter, invited a man who was opposed to him, to look through it, that he might observe Jupiter's moons. The man positively refused—saying, "If I should see them, how could I maintain my opinions which I have advanced against your philosophy?" This is the case with many. They will not look at the truth—they will not hear it, for fear that the arguments which they have framed, will be destroyed, and they may be obliged to give up their vicious indulgences.

☞ Captain Wilkes, of the Exploring Expedition, it is stated, has brought home, among other valuable things—2000 charts, 1000 maps, 11,000 specimens of plants, 4000 specimens of fishes, 50,000 specimens of shells, 2000 landscapes, 2800 specimens of reptiles, 4000 specimens of marine plants, 1500 drawings of South Sea Islanders, 26 large boxes of journals, &c.

☞ Mr. Dickens arrived at Liverpool June 29, having made the passage in twenty days.

Notices of New Works.

An Essay concerning the Unlawfulness of a Man's Marriage with his Sister by Affinity: *with a Review of the various acts of the highest judicatory of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, touching this and similar connections. By Colin McIver, V.D.M. One vol. 18mo. Philadelphia, H. Hooker, 178 Chesnut street.*—After examining this book with considerable attention—induced by the representation of a friend that it embraced the most ingenious arguments that have been urged against a man's marrying the sister of his deceased wife—we lay it down with astonishment at the puerility of its logic and the impotence of its conclusions—not doubting now, whatever we have thought before, that the Scriptures contain no sentence or word or letter having the slightest direct or indirect allusion to the subject. In this opinion we are well pleased to observe the leading journals of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, and other Churches, coincide. We have not space nor time for an elaborate review of Mr. McIver's book, nor is a secular gazette so fitting a place for one as a theological review; but as the book charges vast numbers of respectable persons in every portion of the country with the grave crime of incest, and as it seems to us to be rather too contemptible a production to attract regard from the higher organs of religious and literary criticism, our readers will not be displeased if we say a few words on the general question. In the brief limits of a newspaper paragraph, we can present no more forcible illustration or argument against the assumption that the Scriptures contain the doctrine advocated by Mr. McIver, than an incident related in that admirable paper, the "New York Observer." A pious gentleman who contemplated marriage with his deceased wife's sister, but who felt some doubt as to the propriety of doing so, on account of the rule of "The Confession of Faith," took the Bible, and turned to the 18th and 20th chapters of Leviticus, expecting to find it written in so many words, "Thou shalt not marry thy deceased wife's sister," or something equally explicit. He read carefully both chapters, and finally searched *through the whole book without finding a solitary passage that even suggested to his mind the rule in question.* In this state of utter uncertainty, he applied to a very distinguished Old School Presbyterian clergyman for light on the subject; and the clergyman immediately replied that the rule was founded on the Levitical Law, and took the Bible apparently expecting to turn to it in a moment. But after having carefully read through *all* the laws on the subject, and paused upon several of them, that it might not escape his attention, he did not find it any more than his friend had done, and remarked as he shut up the Bible, that he thought it must be founded chiefly in *expediency*. Shortly after his friend ascertained by some means that the supposed authority of the rule existed in Lev. xviii. 16 and xx. 21; and availing himself of the hint which had been suggested by his own experience, he determined to subject the Scriptural authority of the rule to this very fair and simple test. He went to about *twenty of the ablest men whom he knew, who had been ignorant either of the existence of the rule, or of the authority on which it rested.* Among these were several distinguished clergymen, and some half dozen of the *first judicial characters in this country*. In some instances he referred them to the two entire chapters in which the rule is supposed to be contained, and asked them to find it; but not an individual even succeeded so far as to *guess* at the verses which it claims for its authority. In every case he referred them to the identical verses which it is alleged contain the rule, and though some of them paused and gave the subject a good deal of reflection, and carefully examined the passages in their connection, there was not one among them all who succeeded in making out the rule; and *but one* who even came so near it as to say that he could not conceive of their reaching it in any way unless by some inference. On these facts he based the following argument. "No law," said he, "can exist under a wise and equitable administration which is not *intelligible to the persons to whom it is intended to bind.* But here is a law given by God himself; a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, and designed to be obligatory upon all mankind; a law, too, prohibiting a crime for which the civil law sends a man to the State's prison, which yet is so obscurely revealed, if revealed at all, that not only common Christians, who read their Bibles daily, never find it, but ministers, the business of whose life it is to study and expound the Bible, and the men of piety who occupy the highest judicial stations, and are professionally expounders of the law, do not find it even when they search the Levitical law for it most diligently; no, nor when the verses which are supposed to contain it are proposed to them."

Now while we may suppose that an unimportant point of doctrine may have been so obscurely revealed that some doubts can reasonably be entertained respecting it, it is utterly preposterous to imagine that a great law—especially one opposed to the common sense of mankind—should be so indistinctly shadowed forth that the wisest doctors of divinity should find difficulty in determining on what passages to rely for its support—in deciding even *where* it is alluded to! Out upon such absurdity! It is personally disgraceful to the most illiterate priest or layman in the world who maintains in speech or pages the puerile conceit. We have mentioned our reasons for not discussing all the positions of Mr. McIver. We now say farewell to his leaden essay—the most heavy volume of its size our ill fortune has ever led us to encounter.

Before leaving the subject we have a few words to say to interested parties. It seems to us that under ordinary circumstances it were best for man or women to be content with one marriage. It looks not well for a man to steal flowers from the grave of one to whom he has professedly wedded his heart for ever, to weave in gay boquets for another's brow—to dance at a second wedding before the lip of a first bride is entirely faded. Still, there *are* cases in which a second marriage is a duty. If a man finds himself alone with a family of small children, the necessity for such a course will generally be sufficiently apparent; and when he determines to wed again, every principle of religion, justice, common sense, point to the sisters of his deceased wife, if any there be, as the persons from whom he is to select his companion in his remaining years, and the guardian, friend and instructor of his children. The heart-burnings, and dissensions which *other* step-mothers occasion, need not then be dreaded. There are other considerations connected with this point of the controversy, which, having occupied so much of the reader's attention already, we regret that we cannot present.

The Boston Miscellany.—The August number of this Magazine contains several admirable articles, the best of which is on the Old English Dramatists, by James R. Lowell. Evert A. Duyckinck, Alexander H. Everett, and W. A. Jones, are among the other contributors. It is embellished by a finely engraved view of the great monument which has just been completed on Bunker Hill, and medallion heads of eight distinguished Americans. The fashion plate is wretchedly engraved and colored, and like every thing of the kind, is eminently discreditable to a literary magazine. Why not put in the tailor's report of fashions for coats and pantaloons, for the season, as well as the cut of the gown and the protrusion of the bustle? (Drew & Scammell, and W. Burgess, Philadelphia publishers.)

The Ladies' Companion—*August, 1842. New York, W. W. Snowden.*—The last number of this monthly contains two steel engravings and a fashion plate, and contributions from Willis, Ingraham, Mrs. Orne, and other popular writers. Some *old* songs by General Morris, having been printed in all the penny papers, years ago, seem rather out of place in an "original" magazine. The "Companion" is edited with taste and ability, and doubtless enjoys a large share of public favor. Mr. Burgess, No. 3, Ledger Building, is the Philadelphia publisher.

Graham's Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine—*August, 1842.—Embellishments: "The Bud and the Blossom," engraved on steel, and "The Watchers," a beautiful mezzotint.—The two hundredth* number of this unrivalled work has been issued several days, and is generally spoken of by the journals, as the best that has ever appeared. The proprietor, encouraged by its vast circulation, has secured the services of the most eminent writers of this country and England, including Bryant, Cooper, Longfellow, Hoffman, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Sargent, the author of "Henri Quatre," and others, and seems determined to spare no cost in obtaining literary articles and embellishments of the first order. The leading papers have every where denounced the absurdities called "Fashion plates" with deserved severity, and we are pleased to perceive that they are no longer a feature of the Magazine. Their place will be supplied with other embellishments of the finest description. The story entitled "Da Ponte," commenced in the present number, promises to be one of thrilling interest; the comic novelette by Epes Sargent, called "Tousky Wousky," is equal to any magazine article of the kind we have ever read; Bryant's poem, "The Maiden's Sorrow," is in the happiest style of that great poet; Mrs. Embury's story, "Error," has a melancholy interest, and will be universally popular; and the articles by the Hon. R. G. Goodrich, H. W. Herbert, "The author of Cruising in the last War," C. F. Hoffman, Mrs. Smith, J. T. S. Sullivan, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Park Benjamin, Theodore S. Fay, Robert Morris, and others, are all excellent. The new feature introduced by Mr. Griswold, under the head of "Editor's Table," promises to add much to the interest of the work. The Letter from Niagara, in this department, is admirable. The editorial review of Bryant seems to us to be just and discriminating. Indeed the critical part of the Magazine seems never to have been more judiciously conducted. Graham's Magazine will now unquestionably take the position in this country which Blackwood's occupies in Great Britain. [G. R. Graham, No. 98 Chesnut street.

Godey's Lady's Book.—We miss the names of some of Mr. Godey's best contributors from the cover of his August number; but suppose they will reappear on that for September. The new issue is tastefully embellished with two steel engravings, and among its articles are some of much merit from Mrs. Hale, Mr. McMichael, Miss Leslie, and others. We have quoted on another page of this paper a specimen from the pen of Mr. Tasistro, with which the reader will be pleased. Our neighbor advises his subscribers of the great success which continues to attend his exertions. He richly deserves all he receives.

☞ The New York Plebeian publishes a decision by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts involving the liabilities of bail. The plaintiffs arrested one Martin Draper, on civil process, and the defendant became his bail. The defence was "that Draper having been sent to the State Prison, the defendants were by that means discharged from their liability." The Court decided that the defence was good. The counsel for the defence in the above cause cited English authorities to show that a person in England being made a Peer, his bail was discharged. Thus, in England being made a Peer, and in this country being sent to the State Prison, discharge the bail.

Latest Fashions.

With the warm weather some new bareges have appeared, termed bareges Bayaderes. They are equally light and pretty, of very soft texture, sprigged with flowers or covered with Arabic patterns; next to glace silks they are the materials most in demand. In Paris white seems to be quite confined this season to evening dress. Embroidered muslins, Indiana muslins, organdys, lace pointed muslins and jaconets are no longer visible by daylight; silks and worsted materials in a thousand different styles are the only article in demand. Walking dresses are generally made high, to wear with the transparent mantelet or pelerine; the skirts are of prodigious width, and the length as inconvenient as during winter. Short sleeves are fashionable for the house; in long ones, those a la Diane de Poiteers and the Amadis are much worn. The pointed corsages are almost exclusively reserved for dress toilettes; the rounded point is worn en negligee, and the ceinture with long ends. Dinner dresses are of foulards, satins, princesses, perkins, pou de soi, &c.

A novelty in trimmings is a new style in flounce made quite plain at the top, but falling in flutes at the edge, they form elegant trimmings without loading the dress; they are very pretty in striped pekins; very full and narrow ruches chicorees are much in favor for redingotes and peignoirs. Scarfs of embroidered muslin are trimmed with Valenciennes lace, headed by a bouillons, through which a riband is passed, corresponding with the color of the dress. Mantelets are made of glace silk trimmed with bouillons, with arm holes, and forming very large round at the back. The round pelerines continue to be much worn. Camails of shot silk are also trimmed with ruches of the same color, and black ones with gimp. There is at present little to say about bonnets; fancy straws and a new kind of paille de riz, which cleans well, are the principal novelties. Crape bonnets and tulle bouillonne are very elegant and suitable for the mourant. Capotes a coulisses are always fashionable; they are frequently covered with tulle, which gives them a very light appearance. Capotes composed of folds of crape should always be of the color of the dress. Couronnes Josephine or Ceres, bunches of lilies of the valley, are used for capotes of gauze; double poppies, daisies, camellias, aloes, wild roses, for Leghorns.—*London and Paris Journal of Fashion.*

New Counterfeits.

Tolland Co. Bank, Tolland, Ct.—5's letter D, pay to bearer, Nov. 1, 1840, J. R. Flynt, cashr. Elisha Stearns, prest. Filling up and signatures in same hand. The eyes of the figures in the centre and side vignettes blurred.

Broome Co. Bank, Binghampton, N. Y.—20's altered from 1's. Can be detected by holding up to the light.

Greenwich Bank, N. Y.—3's letter H, June 17, 1841. J. R. Satterlee, cashr. (Weston is cashier of this bank,) Thos. Whittemore, prest. Engraving bad and paper heavy.

Middlesex Co. Bank, Middletown, Ct.—10's spurious. Vignette a female reclining. Letters C, A, of various dates and payable to different persons.

A Hard Case.—It is extremely hard when people who after suffering years of anguish and pain and are rapidly gaining health and cheerfulness by the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, to have the cup of joy dashed rudely from their lips by those unprincipled men who sell to the unsuspecting invalid a counterfeit article for the genuine.

The public are respectfully informed that all genuine medicine has the title expressed in full on the sides of the boxes, thus: Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, (Indian Purgative) of the North American College of Health—and that the label which covers the boxes, has around the border, in small type, the following—"Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1840, by William Wright, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

Purchasers should be extremely careful of whom they buy the above Pills, as there is often great danger in using a counterfeit medicine, especially when manufactured by an unskilful and irresponsible person—while on the contrary, great benefit is sure to be derived from the use of the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

County agents and storekeepers should remember, that all authorised travelling agents are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright; those, therefore, who cannot show one, will be known as impostors.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the Pills wholesale and retail, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, and 198 Tremont street, Boston.

N. B.—In order to avoid imposition, be particular to ask for the *genuine Wright's Pills.*

HEALTH OFFICE, JULY 23, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.
From the 16th to the 23d of July.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	31	63
Apoplexy,	1	0	——Scarlet,	0	2
Asphyxia,	1	1	Gangrene,	1	0
Croup,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	2	6
Congestion of Lungs,	0	1	——Bronchi,	0	1
——Brain,	1	2	——Lungs,	0	2
Cholera Morbus,	0	1	——Stomach and Bowels,	1	6
——Infantum,	0	23	——Bowels,	1	3
Consumption of the Lungs,	14	3	Inflammation of the Liver,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	11	——Heart,	0	1
Coxalgia,	0	1	——Peritoneum,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	0	5	——Pleura,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	9
——Heart,	0	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
——Head,	0	5	Neglect,	0	1
——Breast,	1	0	Old Age,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Palsy,	2	0
——Bowels,	0	1	Rupture of Uterus,	1	0
Drowned,	2	0	Scirrhus of Bowels,	1	0
Dysentery,	5	1	Scrofula,	1	0
Debility,	1	3	Still Born,	0	14
Enlargement of the Heart,	0	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Fracture,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	13
Fever, Bilious,	1	0			
——Typhoid,	1	0	Total, 162—	46	116
Carried over,	31	63			

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 23 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July 17,	78	82	82
18,	75	82	84
19,	71	83	80
20,	75	80	86
21,	69	75	78
22,	69	76	80
23,	74	80	84

DAGUERREOTYPE MATERIALS.—M. P. SIMONS, Daguerreotype, Miniature Case and Apparatus Manufacturer, also importer of Plates, Chemicals, Lens, &c. together with every other article used in the art. Orders from any part of the country attended to upon the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice, at No. 173 Chesnut street, 4th story, opposite the State House, Philadelphia.
N. B. A liberal discount to city operators who buy to sell again. june 18-6m.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
160 shares United States Bank,	2½a3
90 do. Reading R. R.	20¾
68 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	10¼a11
54 do. Mechanics Bank,	10¼a10½
50 do. Kentucky Bank,	42
$1700 Wilmington & Balt R. R. Loan, 1842.	60
$1020 State 5's, 1856, C. & P.	38½
$1000 Tennessee Bonds, 5's, 1870,	61
$1000 do. do.	61

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	9a12	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
" middling,	5a7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	68a75
" corned,	4a7	Wheat " "	75a87½
Veal,	3a7	New Potatoes, ½ pk.	3a4
Mutton,	3a5	Eggs, per doz.	12a13
Lamb per qr.	25a68	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a4
Pork, fresh, per lb.	4a6	Pickles, per 100,	25a31
" pickled, "	5a7	Beets, bunch, new,	3a4
Hams, Jersey,	7a10	Carrots, bunch,	2a3
Jowls,	2a3	Turnips, qr. peck,	4a6
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Onions, rope, new,	6a7
Cheese, "	6a12	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	25a31
Butter, lb.	17a19	" Apples, ½ pk.	25a31
Lard,	7a9	Sand Peas, qt.	7a8
Beef's Tongue,	40a56	Sallad, head,	1a1
Pigs, whole,	50a81¼	Radishes, bunch,	1a2
Pigs' Feet, set,	12a15	Horseradish, root,	1a2
Sheep Tongues, doz.	25a31	Hominy, quart,	8a9
Fresh Tripe, per lb.	2a3	Beans, ½ peck,	5a6
Blood Pudding,	6a7	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a6
Fowls, pair,	62a75	Dried Cherries, qt.	7a9
" " Live,	56a75	Gooseberries pr qt.	5a6
Chickens, live,	31a44	Currants "	5a6
Do, dead,	37a50	Raspberries, box,	5a7
Turkeys,	62a81¼	Whortleberries, ripe,	6a7
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Cabbage, head,	3a4
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Green Apples, qr pk	4a8
Ducks, pair,	44a68	Pears,	4a6
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½	Tomatoes, qr. pk.	15a20
" fresh,	13a15	Cucumbers, dozen,	8a10
" dry, lb.	18a18¾	Dewberries, quart,	7a8
Pickled Cod, "	4a5	Fox Grapes, do.	3a3
Fresh, "	5a6	Peaches, qr. peck,	18a37½
Flounders,	8a10	Squashes, each,	1a2
Halibut, lb.	10a12½	Flat do.	2a3
Sea Bass, lb.	8a10	Gages, quart,	10a25
Black Fish, lb.	8a10	Plums, "	6a8
Rock, per lb.	10a12½	Apricots, doz.	12a18¾
Clams, per 100,	20a25	Green Corn, doz.	10a12½
Smearcase, qt.	5a6	Nutmegs,	10a12½
Scrapple, per lb.	5a6		

The markets the past week have presented a rich variety of fruits and vegetables. There is a great abundance of early apples, pears, peaches, plums, and more and finer gages of the various qualities than we remember ever before to have seen. Peaches are also tolerably plenty, and some of them look very fine, but the prices are too high to be generally reached. The second early crop of apples are now coming in, and besides being better than the first, are of lower price. Dewberries and whortleberries are not only abundant, but good and cheap. The fashionable and popular dish in vegetables, tomatoes, are plenty, and of unusually fine flavor. A greater variety of fish than usual has been in market the past week. Butter, eggs, meats and poultry are much the same as last week.—*Public Ledger.*

Cattle Markets.

New York, July 25.—Cattle.—Though the number of Beeves in market was less than common, the prices still drooped. The largest part of the sales were at $5.50 per 100 lbs. and but a few brought over $6. The average price was between $5,75 and $6; while the extreme range would differ from that of last week. There were 800 head in market, including 100 left over last week. 725 were sold. 120 of those received this week were from this State. Milch Cows. There were 50 Cows and Calves at the Bull's Head, including 15 left over last week. 25 were sold at $18a$25 for common, and $30, $35a$38 for superior. Calves by themselves are sold, mostly from the boats, at 3a4 cts per lb. for fair quality. They are commonly purchased, however, by the head, and prices range from $2a$5, according to quality. Sheep.—Including 150 left over last week there were 2500 in market, mostly Lambs. Among the Sheep are some very poor, which bring low prices. Lambs sold at $1 a$2.75; Sheep $1.50a$4, and a few at $4.50. Pork.—There are no large Hogs in market, and the supply of Shoats has fallen off some this week on account of the harvest operations which occupy the attention of the farmers. Prices consequently advanced a shade. Sales 3 a 3½ cents, live weight.

Philadelphia, July 23.—Beef Cattle—500 head offered for sale this week, sales from $4½ to $5½, a few extra sold at 6c; 230 Cattle were sold at the yards over Schuylkill. 57 head left over. Cows and Calves—276 at market; sales from $18 to $25; extra $32. Springers $11 to $13. Dry Cows sold at $5 to $11. Calves $1,25a$2.25, according to size; on the Delaware, from Jersey, by weight $3a$3½ live weight. Hogs—160 at market, sales at $4½, all sold and scarce. Sheep—1214 at market, sales at $1,37 a $1,87½, extra $2,75.

Baltimore, July 25.—Cattle—Supply of Beef Cattle more than equal to the demand. The offerings consisted of 383 head. Sales of 295 head at from $3,25 to $4,25 per 100 lbs as in quality. There has been a pretty fair supply of live Hogs in market during the week, and about 100 are unsold. The price has been uniform throughout the week at $3,75 per 100 lbs.

Richmond, July 21.—Cattle—For Cattle on the hoof, from $5 to $6 are the general prices. Mutton—There is great variation in the quality; indifferent sheep bring only $1.25 to $1.50, while the finer qualities bring from that to $3 per head.

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—A sale of 1st quality Quercitron has been made at $23 per ton—most holders ask higher.

Coffee—Demand limited and prices steady.

Flour and Meal—Stock of Flour very small, the receipts limited, and prices stationary—Sales for export at $5,50 per bbl for old stock Penna, and $5,62½ for fresh ground—Sales of 900 bbls Ohio at $5.31¼. Good baker's brands for city use are in request at $5,56a$5.62½. Rye Flour—Grain—Farther sales at $4 per bbl, and Penna Corn Meal at $2,62½.

Grain—Wheat is scarce and much wanted for grinding, with trifling supplies—A sale of 1200 bushels good old Penna red at $1.30 per bushel—Sales of new crop inferior and light weight, and that much injured by smut, to good quality at from $1,10 to $1,24 per bushel. Corn—Demand limited—Sales of Southern flat yellow at 58a51 cts—white is worth 51 cts—no round arriving. Oats—dull and prices drooping, as the new crop is now coming in. We quote old Southern at 30 cts.

Molasses—A sale of Matanzas sweet, at 16 cts, 4 mos.

Provisions—There is no essential change in the Provision market, and prices are firmly supported with a tendency to advance.

Sugar—Holders are firm and there has been a good demand for Sugar—The sales of Porto Rico have ranged from 5¾ to 6½ for common to good, and Cuba at 5 cents—White Matanzas in boxes at 8, and white Brazil in bags at 6¾a7 cts—all on time.

Whiskey—Prices remain without change.—*North American.*

Richmond Market, July 25.

Tobacco—We quote 2a2½ for Lugs, good refused and common leaf 3½ to 4; middling leaf 4½ to 5; good 5½ to 6; fine leaf from 6 to 7½; owing to the late freshet there is not much arriving and no demand. Wheat—Deliveries in July $1,10 per bushel; do on the 15th August $1.05, do on the 1st Sept $1,05; some farmers are holding on, expecting to get $1.50. Flour—Old $6¼ per bbl. Corn—Sales of 600 bbls at 65 cts; for small quantities 70 cts has been paid; it is scarce and much wanted.

New York Market, July 27.

Ashes—Since our last about 150 bbls of pots were taken at $5,25. We have heard of no sales of Pearls. Holders are asking $5,75.

Cotton—The sales yesterday amounted to 600 bales.

Flour—There were no arrivals to-day. Canal is held at $6.

Savannah Market, July 23.

Cotton—Arrived 1460 bales; cleared 3989; stock on hand 1539 bales. The sales reach only 191 bales, taken to close shipments, at 6a8 cts. Rice—Sales of 203 casks at 2¾a2½ cts. Exchange on England nominal at 6a7 per cent. prem. Freights—Nothing doing.

Cincinnati Market, July 21.

At Cincinnati on the 21st inst. Flour had fallen to $3 per bbl. and sales were dull at that. Wheat continued to sell at 50 cts per bushel.

Alexandria Market, July 26.

Flour—Receipts trifling; sales small at $5.75 for old and $6 for new. Grain 6. Corn is in request at 58a60 cts.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, July 30th, 1842.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	17 dis
Moyamensing bank	13 dis
Penn Township bank	12 dis
U. S. Bank notes,	53 dis
Girard do.	47 dis
Penna. do.	8 dis
Germantown,	par
Delaware co. at Chester,	par
Chester co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	6½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	15 dis
Lancaster bank,	3½ dis
Farmers bk Lancaster,	3½ dis
Lebanon,	6 dis
Harrisburg,	7 dis
Middletown,	6 dis
Carlisle,	7 dis
Columbia Bridge,	5 dis
Northumberland,	6 dis
Miners bk at Potts.	7½ dis
Wy'g bk Wilkesbarre,	12 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	3 dis
" Certificates,	3 dis
" Post notes,	3 dis
Towanda,	—
York,	6½ dis
Gettysburg,	7 dis
Chambersburg,	7 dis
Waynesburg p. notes,	13 dis
" demand notes,	13 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	7 dis
" demand notes,	7 dis
Erie,	7 dis
Berks county bank,	50 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	9 dis
Lewistown,	12 dis
Lumb'n's bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	45 dis
DISTRICT OF COL'MB'A.	
Washington City,	1 dis
Georgetown,	1 dis
Farmers & Mechanics,	1 dis
Alexandria,	1 dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	3 dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	3 dis
Valley bk & branches,	3 dis
Ex. bk & branches,	3 dis
Wheeling,	8 dis
Wheeling post notes,	8 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	6 dis
Bank notes,	6 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	60 dis
State bank,	75 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	4 dis
Small Notes,	10 dis

NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Country banks,	1½ dis
Except bank of Columbia, Green Co., Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co., Wayne County bank, Merchants & Planters,	Broken.
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Exchange bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manu'ing Co.	do
Red Hooks,	1½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	2 dis
Mineral bank,	5 dis
Frederick town,	2 dis
Hagerstown,	2 dis
Westminster,	2 dis
Williamsport,	5 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	11 dis
Franklin bank,	30 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	2 dis
Broken banks,	various prices
Balt'e Ohio R.R. notes,	30 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
New Hope D. Bridge,	10 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hoboken bkingGCo.	broke
Washington banking Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufacturing Co.	do
Protection and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of New Brunswick,	do
Mechanics bk Patterson,	do
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
INDIANA.	
Notes,	8 dis

Exchange on New York,	½ a ¾	dis
" Boston,		"
" Baltimore,	½ a ¾	dis
Specie,		par
Country Relief Notes,		9 dis
City Relief Notes,		16 dis

ALMANAC.

August, 1842.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases.
30 Saturday,	4 55	7 5	7 38	
31 Sunday,	4 56	7 4	8 26	D. H. M.
1 Monday,	4 57	7 3	9 21	
2 Tuesday,	4 58	7 2	10 20	
3 Wednesday,	4 59	7 1	11 20	New 6 9 28
4 Thursday,	5 0	7 0	12 19	First 13 12 16
5 Friday,	5 1	6 59	1 9	Full 20 9 10
6 Saturday,	5 2	6 58	1 59	Last 28 10 48

Married,

On Fifth-day afternoon, 30th ult. at the residence of Job Lewis, before a committee of Friends appointed by Green street Monthly Meeting, John W. Haines, of Burlington county, N. J. to Hannah M. daughter of Job Lewis, of this city.

At Clarksville, Tenn. on the 19th of June, by the Rev. E. H. Hatcher, Dr. Wilson J. Castner, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Ann Beaumont, of the former place.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Robert Bartholomew, to Miss Christiana Locke, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 21st inst. by the same, Mr. John E. Kreamer, to Miss Hannah Hansell, both of this city.

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. J. D. Onins, Mr. Joseph Dey, to Miss Elizabeth B. Hughes, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. G. T. Bedell, Gustave Blessner, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Martin Walker, Esq. of this city, formerly of Birmingham, England.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. C. C. Caylor, Mr. Saml. Elder Piper, to Miss Lucina Wall, all of this city.

In St. Louis, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Thos. Allen, Esq. of Washington city, (Printer to the U. S. Senate, and the founder and former proprietor of the Madisonian,) to Miss Ann C. Russell, only daughter of Col. Wm. Russell, of St. Louis county.

On the 20th inst. at Knight's Point, N. J. by the Rev. J. L. Henhart, Mr. Philander C. Brink, to Miss Margaret K. daughter of Thos. Githens.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, John Overholtz, of Lewistown, to Miss Matilda Ann Jerkel.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, Joseph S. Snowden, to Anna Frances, daughter of Capt. Richard Garwood, all of this city.

On Thursday, the 21st inst. at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Dorr. H. Nelson Burroughs, to Ellen Douglass, daughter of S. Augustus Mitchell.

On Thursday, 21st instant, by the Rev. Henry J. Morton, Wm. F. Griffitts, to Helen M. Smith, daughter of the late Robert Smith, Esq.

On Thursday evening, the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. D. Dodge, Mr. Jacob H. Atkinson, of Bucks county, to Miss Elizabeth W. Daniels, of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, Dr. H. G. Winslow, to Miss Anna M. Hallowell.

On the 24th inst. at Mount Holly, N. J. by the Rev. J. K. Shaw, Mr. Christopher J. Mines, to Miss Elizabeth Keen, all of South Camden, N. J.

On the 5th of March last, by the Rev. Asher Moore, Mr. Edward P. Ireland, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Mary Jane Dyman, of Southwark.

Died,

Suddenly, on the 27th inst. Noah Lougee, late of Cincinnati, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 26th inst. George Bauer, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 25th inst. after an illness of some months, Mr. Thos. H. Britton, of Kensington.

On the 27th inst. Joseph T. Beatty, Esq. in the 29th year of his age.

On the 24th inst. Rubens, infant son of James R. Haslam, aged 8 months.

At Vermillionville, La. on the 7th ult. Lewis H. Woford, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 21th inst. Candy R. son of Wm. Steel, of this city, aged 18 years.

On the 26th inst. Elizabeth, consort of Thos. Welles aged 29 years.

On Tuesday, the 5th inst. Eliza H. Landell, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 26th inst. Charles Field, son of Peter and Eliza Field, aged 1 year, 1 month and 21 days.

On the 24th inst. P. Hirigoyen, aged 56 years.

On the 26th inst. Watson, only son of James and Sarah Muir, aged 13 months.

Found, in the river Delaware, Peter S. Duval, who was drowned last Sunday afternoon.

On the 26th inst. Mary A. Berry, in the 6th year of her age, and Sarah Berry, in the 5th year of her age, daughters of John and Sarah Berry.

On the 26th inst. Elizabeth, infant daughter of R. H. and Elizabeth Johnson, aged 5 years.

Suddenly, at Wilmington, Del. on the 23 inst. Mr. Adam Diehl, in the 77th year of his age.

Suddenly, at Cape May, on the 21st inst. David E. Lawrence, son of the late Isaac Lawrence, in the 19th year of his age.

On the 25th inst. in the 35th year of her age, Miss Percy Truitt.

On the 25th instant, Emma Worthington, aged 11 months.

On the 24th inst. after a severe illness, Sidney Hoopes, formerly of West Chester, in the 44th year of her age.

On the 25th inst. after a lingering illness, James Roe, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 25th instant, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Ann Noble, aged 71 years.

On the 24th ult. of a lingering consumption, in the 23d year of his age, George King.

On the 25th inst. Patrick Larkin, aged 24 years.

On the 22d inst. Hannah, daughter of Thos. and Sarah Richardson, aged 9 months and 12 days.

On the 22d inst. at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Joshua Carman, in Bordenton, N. J. after a lingering illness, Mr. Daniel C. Brunner, in the 29th year of his age, late of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Eliza Gillard, formerly of Boston, Mass.

On Sunday, the 24th inst. Isaac C. Elfreth, in the 53d year of his age.

On Monday morning, 25th inst. Caroline, daughter of Herman and Grace Orne, aged 13 months.

Suddenly, on Sunday evening, the 24th inst. John Robins, in the 71st year of his age.

At Cape May, on Tuesday, the 19th inst. at the residence of her son, Mrs. Lydia Bull, widow of the late Col. Bull, of Chester county, in the 81st year of her age.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Mary Watson, wife of Mr. Geo. Eckert.

On the 19th inst. Theodore Miller, son of J. C. and Mary A. Chance, aged 9 months and 5 days.

On the 12th inst. Sayrilla Woolcott, daughter of Geo. S. and Esther Sutherland, aged 7 months and 10 days.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. A. L. Farre, daughter of the late Fred'k Hoeckley, in her 37th year.

At the residence of her son-in-law, Wm. Wright, near Burlington, N. J. on the 18th inst. Ann W. Fry, formerly of this city, in the 53d year of her age.

At Cincinnati on the 6th inst. Mr. Richard Van Blunk, aged 71 years, late of Philadelphia.

On the 24th inst. John Robinson, aged 71 years.

On the 24th inst. Hugh C. Murray, aged 20 years.

On the 24th inst. Mary Jane, daughter of Joseph E. and Christiana M. Abbott.

On the 20th inst. John Broadnix, aged 47 years.

On the 23d inst. George R. son of P. N. Patrello, aged 19 years.

At Bridgewater, Mass. on the 20th inst. Deacon John Whitman, at the advanced age of 107 years.

At Springfield, Susquehanna county, Pa. on the 8th inst. Hon. Philander Stephens, formerly member of Congress, aged 54 years.

At Towanda, Bradford county, on the 7th inst. Col. Jas. Bull, one of the most energetic citizens of Northern Pa.

On the 23d inst. John Pavonarius, in the 66th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. Mrs Elizabeth Rain, aged 71 years.

On the 22d instant, in the 25th year of her age Eliza Catharine, daughter of Capt. Thos. Lyle.

On the 21st inst. Eliza Jane, daughter of Amacey B. and Sarah A. Abell, aged 2 years, 11 months and 21 days.

On the 22d inst. James Curry.

On the 23d inst. John H. Spratt, only son of John W. and Elizabeth Spratt, after a lingering illness, aged 17 months and 8 days.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

IT IS WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF NATURE AND COMMON SENSE THAT THE NATURAL VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF EVERY COUNTRY ARE, IF PROPERLY APPLIED, AMPLY SUFFICIENT FOR THE CURE OF EVERY MALADY INCIDENT TO THAT CLIME.

The above named Indian Vegetable Pills of the NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH

Are composed of plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil, and are therefore better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs, however well they may be compounded; and as they are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth

SUBJECT TO BUT ONE DISEASE,

viz. corrupt humors, and that said medicine cures this disease on

NATURAL PRINCIPLES—

BY CLEANSING AND PURIFYING THE BODY; it will be manifest, that if the constitution be not entirely exhausted—a perseverance in their use, according to directions, is absolutely certain to drive disease of every name from the body.

When we wish to restore a swamp or morass to fertility, we drain it of the superabundant waters; in like manner, if we wish to restore the body to health, we must cleanse it of impurity.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Will be found one of the best, if not THE VERY BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD FOR CARRYING OUT THIS

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humors, the cause of disease in an easy and NATURAL MANNER; and while they every day

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

The following highly respectable merchants have been appointed agents for the sale of the above named medicine.

Mercer County, New Jersey.

Stacey A Paxson,	Princeton.
Brealy & Pearson,	Lawrenceville.
D & S Brittain,	Kingston.
James Nutt,	Centreville.
John T Hutchinson,	Hightstown.
Britten & Dennen,	Edinburgh.
Laban & Rogers,	West Windsor.
John H. Applegate,	Clarkesville.
Titus & Nevious,	Titusville.
William Rosser,	Herbourton.

Atlantic County, New Jersey.

James Ketton,	Egg Harbour.
John Richards,	Gloucester Furnace.
T C Scull,	Mount Pleasant.
Tilton James,	Near Bakersville.
William S Bacon,	May's Landing.
N S Thompson,	Pleasant Mills.
James Smith,	Absecum.
Daniel Lake,	Bakersville.
Charles Tuller & Co.	Tuckahoe.
Daniel E Estell,	Stephen's Creek.
Ryon Price & Adams,	Bakersville.
Joseph Thompson,	Thompsonsville.
J Ingersoll,	Tanners Brook.
J Read,	Smithville.

Beware of Counterfeits.

The people of Winchester, Virginia, are respectfully informed that Pills sold by one D. M. Little, lately from Baltimore, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and that it is absolutely impossible for said D. M. L. to have the genuine medicine for sale.

Mr. Joseph Macintosh is the only authorized Agent at Winchester, and the *only person of whom the genuine Wright's* Indian Vegetable Pills can be obtained.

OFFICES, devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail,—
No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
No. 288 Greenwich street, New York;
No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

☞ Remember, Purchase of those only who can show a certificate of agency, and be particular to ask for WRIGHT'S Pills. july 30 2t

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—OF ALL DISEASES to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them.
Prepared only at No. 20 South THIRD St. Philada. jy 9-3m

STAMMERING CURED, and instruction given in Elocution by Dr. A. Comstock, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia. nov 20-1y*

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JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

This invaluable Medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, Difficulty of Breathing and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can and do attest to its usefulness—BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a Spitting up of Phlegm or Matter, and sometimes Blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever, and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of HOOPING-COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it.

If this Expectorant be given in the commencement of PLEURISY, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS, or in acute RHEUMATISM, in doses sufficiently large so as to cause a little nausea for some time, (going to bed and covering up warm,) it will produce perspiration and subdue those affections at once.

JONATHAN GOING, D.D., *President of Granville College, Ohio*, says, "he was laboring under a severe cold, cough and hoarseness, and that his difficulty of breathing was so great that he felt himself in imminent danger of immediate suffocation, but was perfectly cured by using this Expectorant."—Mrs. Dolbe, of Salem, N. J., was cured of Asthma of twenty years standing by using two bottles of this medicine. Mrs. Ward, also of Salem, was cured of the same complaint by five bottles.—A young lady, also of Salem, who was believed by her friends to be far gone with Consumption, was perfectly restored by three bottles.—Dr. Hamilton, of St. James, South Carolina, was greatly affected by a cough, hoarseness and soreness of the lungs, and on using a bottle of this medicine found permanent relief.

ASTHMA CURED BY DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—Miss Mary Campbell, of New Haven, Fayette county, has been cured of Asthma, of more than eighteen years continuance, by the use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. She commenced taking the medicine last summer, and after using eleven bottles, was entirely rid of this distressing disease. We are assured of this cure by a lady of undoubted veracity, unrequested to make it public for the benefit of others.—*Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register.*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—We esteem it a pleasure to be able to recommend this medicine, as the best calculated for the purpose of curing coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, and all affections of the lungs. From a long personal acquaintance with Dr. Jayne, we know that he is no quack, and his medicines are not nostrums of the modern cry up, but are the result of his long experience as a practising physician, and the expense of great labor.—*Hartford, Conn. Daily Review.*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—The virtues of this efficacious and cheap medicine, for the cure of Consumption and other diseases, cannot be too well known. Very many lives have been saved by it.—*N. Y. Morning Atlas.*

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
VALUABLE MEDICINE.—We do not wish to commend one good medicine at the expense of another, but we cannot forbear to notice the valuable properties possessed by the "*Carminative Balsam*," and the "*Expectorant*," prepared by Dr. Jayne, of South Third street, in this city. We have forborne to give evidence until after a thorough trial in our own family. They are invaluable in a family of children.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT FOR COUGHS, COLDS, &c.—So many people are affected with these common every day disorders, that we deem it our duty to point our readers to a simple remedy which we have lately used with good effect in stopping a cough, and loosening and breaking up a cold. It is a very agreeable medicine. This recommendation is not a bought puff, but entirely voluntary. And we feel that we can hardly do a greater favor to our readers in these days of cheating, than to recommend them so well tried, efficient remedies, especially those we have tried ourselves.
DANIEL HENSHAW, Editor of the "Lynn Record," Mass.

From the Rev. A. S. Hinckley.
Franklin, La., March 29th, 1841.
Your Medicines have been in nearly every case successful, especially the Expectorant. I have received much benefit from the use of this myself and one of my nearest neighbors, who had been afflicted from childhood with the Asthma so severely as nearly to suffocate her during the paroxysm which returned about once a week, has been to all appearance permanently cured. A. S. HINCKLEY.

Owego, N. Y., July 27th, 1841.
Dear Sir,—We want some more of your medicines, particularly the Expectorant, which gives universal satisfaction.
Respectfully yours,
Dr. D. Jayne. SHOEMAKER & WILLIAMS.

Binghampton, N. Y., May 3d, 1841.
Dr. Jayne, Dear Sir,
Your Expectorant is in great demand and sells well, and is very popular. Your Vermifuge is now much used, so also is your Sanative Pills. Yours, &c.,
BENJAMIN GREENE.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. jy 2-3m.

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

Since the important discovery of DR. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if he choose, preserve his hair from falling off, or if already bald, may with certainty have his hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which, in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of every unprejudiced mind of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

Hamilton, Feb. 15, 1840.
Dr. D. Jayne,—Dear Sir:—I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in as rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's, appeared, and has continued to increase, and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle, but have been a good deal irregular in the use of the Tonic from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I felt entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others; and I was as much surprised and delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair I have had cut is nearly if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hopes of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic which, amidst all the hair humbugs which have been advertised to the public, I am constrained to believe is what it claims to be, and that it will make the hair grow, and no mistake, at least on some heads.
GEORGE W. EATON,
Professor in Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Summerville (N. J.) Whig.
Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Mason, of Summerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.
JAS. O. ROGERS, Methodist Minister,
April 14, 1841. Mount Horeb, Summerset Co., N. J.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.—After giving this article a fair trial, we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be what it professes—the best article, without any exception, in use, for the restoration and preservation of the human hair. We know of numerous instances where hair has been restored to heads which have been bald for years; and we think we cannot do a greater favor than to recommend all our readers who are losing their hair, to make a trial of this Tonic immediately.—*Boston Mail, May 1, 1841.*

Philadelphia, May 10, 1839.
Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed, I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried most of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bear's Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c. &c., without experiencing much if any benefit.
Respectfully yours, S. S. FITCH, M. D.
No. 176 Chestnut street.

Haddonfield, N. J., Feb. 22, 1839.
Dr. D. Jayne—Sir:—I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But two or three years past it had so fallen out, that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness, by combing the hair on the side over it. But now, after using about half a bottle of the Tonic, I have as luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. PARK,
Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. jy 2-3m.

DR. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.—This is one of the most efficient, pleasant and safe compositions ever offered to the public for the cure of the various derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, and the only article worthy of the least confidence for curing CHOLERA INFANTUM or SUMMER COMPLAINT and in the above and following diseases it really acts like a charm, viz.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, *Summer Complaint*, Colic, Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Pain or Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting, Spitting up of Food after Eating, and also where it passes through the body unchanged. Want of Appetite, Restlessness and Inability to Sleep, Wind in the Stomach and Bowels, Hysterics, Cramp, Nervous Tremors and Twitchings, Sea Sickness, Faintings, Melancholy and Lowness of Spirits, fretting and crying of Infants, and for all *Bowel Affections and Nervous diseases.*

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia; and is sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States. Price 50 cents. july 2-3m

A VERY desirable FARM for sale.—The subscriber offers to sell that valuable farm on which he now resides, situated in the townships of Upper Oxford and Penn, Chester county, Pa. There are but few farms for sale, so well suited for farming purposes, combining the raising of grain with the grazing of cattle. The property comprises one hundred and twenty-four and a half acres of good land, with commodious buildings and all the requisites for the purpose of agriculture. The owner is so desirous of selling, that a very moderate price will be taken, and possession given, if desired, next fall.

Persons who may wish to own such property will please apply directly to the owner for particulars.
june 11-tf MARSHALL W. ATKIN.

IMPORTANT TO THE DEAF.—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and who, of course, know its value.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Country merchants and druggists, who are in want of Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, a medicine that is a certain cure for Deafness and Diseases of the Ears, can obtain the preparation by sending their orders to their friends in this city, or to D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, or N. C. Starr, corner of Eighth and Walnut, who have the medicine at wholesale or retail.

Price $16,00 per dozen, or $2 for a single bottle. Terms cash. Letters must be post paid. ap 23 tf

INFIRMARY FOR THE TREATMENT OF SCROFULA AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN, No. 193 Spruce st. below Seventh, Philadelphia, *Physician*, O. S. PARTRIDGE, M. D.

References—J. C. Warren, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Boston, Mass. W. Parker, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Cincinnati, Ohio. Philadelphia, R. Bond, M. D. J. Clapp, M. D. R. Coates, M. D. S. Janny, M. D. Office hours 9 o'clock A. M. 1 o'clock, P. M.

*** Persons from a distance wishing medical advice by writing correct descriptions of their case, and enclosing a few—letters post paid—shall receive prompt attention by advice and prescription. ja 1 eow tf

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
nov 1 '40—6 S. & W. WILSON.

Gems from the Poets.

PENCHANTS.

When some mad Poet stoops to muse,
About the moonlight and the dews,
The fairies and the fauns,
He's apt to think, he's apt to swear,
That Cupid lives not any where
Except in groves and lawns:
That none have vulnerable livers
But bards who haunt the banks of rivers;
That none are fair enough for witches,
But maids who roam through dells and ditches;
That dreams are twice as sweet as dances;
That cities never breed romances;
That Beauty always keeps a cottage,
And Innocence grows pure on pottage.

Yes! those dear dreams are all divine;
And these dear dreams have all been mine.
I like the dawning of the day,
I like the smell of new-mown hay,
I like the babbling of the brooks,
I like the croaking of the rooks,
I like the lowing of the heifers,
I like the whispers of the zephyrs,
I like the pinches, and the posies,—
But chiefly when the season closes,
And often, in the month of fun,—
When every cockney cleans his gun,
And poachers tell enormous lies,
And stocks are pretty sure to rise,
And scullions wear their reddest face,
And curates say their shortest grace,
And e'en the chancellor, they say,
Goes to a point the nearest way,—
I wander from my drowsy desk
To revel in the picturesque;
To hear beneath the hoary trees
The far off murmur of the seas,
Or trace yon river's many channels,
With Petrarch—and a brace of spaniels,
Combining foolish rhymes together,
And killing sorrow, and shoe-leather.
Then if I see some village maid
Go dancing down the sunny glade,
Coquetting with her fond adorer,
As nobler dames have done before her,
"Give me," I cry, "the quiet bliss
Of souls like these, of scenes like this,
Where damsels eat and sleep in peace,
Where gallants never heard of Greece,
Where day is day, and night is night,
Where frocks and morals both are white,
Blue eyes below, blue skies above,
Here are the homes, the hearts for love!"

But this is idle;—I have been
A sojourner in many a scene,
And pick'd up wisdom in my way,
And cared not what I had to pay,
Smiling and weeping all the while,
As other people weep and smile.
And I have learn'd that Love is not
Confined to any hour or spot;
He decks the smile, and lives the frown,
Alike in desert and in town.
I think fair faces not more fair
At Peebles, than in Portman Square,
And glances not a ray more bright
In moonbeams than in candlelight:
I think much witchcraft oft reposes
On wreaths of artificial roses,
And ringlets—I have ne'er disdain'd them
Because the barber has profaned them:
I've been half mad with half a million
Whose legs have never cross'd a pillion,
Whose hands have never dress'd a salad,
Whose lips have never sung a ballad;
I think that many a modern dance
Breeds pretty subjects for romance;
And many a concert has its springs
For breaking hearts as well as strings?
In short I'm very sure that all
Who seek or sigh for beauty's thrall,
May say their prayers and feed their passions,
Though whist and waltzing keep in fashion,
And make the most enchanting sonnets,
In spite of diamonds and French bonnets.

From the Journals.

MY FIRST DUEL.

BY MORDECAI MANASSEH NOAH.

FROM "THE UNION."

I called a day or two ago to see my old friend Colonel Webb, who I learnt had arrived at his residence in Waverly Place, from his late excursion to the Brandywine. He looked well, quite well—his whiskers were as large and fierce as ever, with here and there a few supernumerary white hairs, and his spirits if any thing were more buoyant and elastic, as he had accomplished a certain specific and desirable object by the issue of the recent meeting. Over the elbow of his capacious arm chair reposed a pair of significant crutches. I thought of Sir John Falstaff—

"There's honor for you."

We talked over the adventure in detail, with congratulations that it was not worse in its results, as it certainly might have been, if the apostle of temperance and the Colonel had both been the crack shots they were said to be in the shooting galleries. Duelling at the present day has fallen into disrepute; it never did settle any point of honor, and sensible men discard it as incompatible with the spirit of the age; yet peculiar circumstances, as in the case of Webb and Marshall, drive men to such hostile meetings, and it would be fortunate to all parties concerned, if the issue was equally favorable. It is much more agreeable to shake a man firmly by the hand, than to attend his funeral; and as to posthumous praises of courage, coolness, gallantry, &c. in such affairs, what are they worth? who boast of such honors? as Shakspeare says,

"He that died last Wednesday."

It is said, that the apostle of temperance is not satisfied with the result of the duel; he thinks that Webb ought to have been killed, and he is desirous of having another shot at him. If Mr. Marshall is so fond of fighting, he can place himself at the head of the Affghanistans in the Cabool country, or serve as aid to Ching Ling Cheoin of Pekin, and he will have fighting enough for the appetite of any moderate man; but Col. Webb ought to be permitted hereafter to eat his woodcock and toast in peace; though wounded he enjoys the best position of the two, and he should not part with it to jeopardise it by another meeting. As Hoyle would say he has all the honors, but has lost the odd trick. Talking of duelling, I have always been satisfied that it is moral, and not physical courage which is the active agent in such matters, and sustains a man in such trying positions, and this was made manifest and strongly impressed upon my mind by my first duel. When a very young man, and in high party times, I found myself taking the lead in the Democratic ranks in Charleston, South Carolina. Impressed with the belief that a difference of political opinion, though warmly expressed and firmly carried out, did not necessarily impair that good personal feeling and intercourse which should exist between citizen and citizen, I was in hopes to make converts and put down opponents, in the most pacific manner; but I soon discovered my error, and was given distinctly to understand, that he who ventures to bring about important political revolutions in that section of the Union, must be prepared to fight his way in the world; he who is ambitious to become a political leader, must exhibit something more substantial than mere oratory.

He who would influence and control a party, must sustain his doctrines by meeting his opponents in the way that gentlemen settle such differences; he must understand and be understood. This I presumed, was what is called Southern chivalry; it was all new and most extraordinary to me, who came from a pacific quarter of the Union, and felt no disposition at all to carry my political plans and objects into operation at the mouth of the pistol. But so it was. Being in Rome, I had to do what Romans did. So having offended a young sprig of Federalism, by venturing respectfully to differ with him in relation to the war with England at a great public meeting, he gave me notice that he should call me out. I felt no apprehension on the subject, convinced that explanations could readily be made, which would not fail to prove entirely satisfactory with reasonable men. So I proceeded to the City Library, and while enjoying a very agreeable book in a cool and sequestered part of the ample saloon, a handsome young gentleman of engaging appearance and address came up to me, and after two or three formal, yet graceful bows, placed in my hand a neatly folded note, written on vellum paper. The note introduced me to Major Hamilton, since Gen. Hamilton and Governor of the State, by the gentleman who I had most unfortunately offended, by differing with him at the public meeting, and informed me at the same time, that Major Hamilton would make the necessary arrangements for the meeting, &c. On reading the note I arose and made several profound bows to the gentleman, finding that this was a business of very serious importance. We took our seats near each other, talked of the weather, of war, palmetto forts, rice birds, cotton crops, and several agreeable subjects, for I was very happy to make his acquaintance, until the Major in the most polite manner imaginable, reminded me of the delicate object of his mission, and the necessity of a reply to the note he had just delivered. Novice as I was in such matters, I was still aware that etiquette required a prompt reply, and I assured him, that he should receive an answer at an early hour. I forthwith called the leaders of our party together, to consult and determine what was to be done in the premises. They were unanimously of opinion that I must fight; there was no avoiding the responsibility; the honor of the democratic party required that I should fight; it was the usage of the country, and no leader of a party of such high and patriotic pretensions, could evade an invitation in which the dignity of the party was so vitally concerned. As this was, therefore, a *bona fide* point of honor, upon the result of which it was impossible to foresee what might be the destinies of our country, it was resolved that I should give him a meeting, and a high public functionary of great courage and discretion, was fixed upon as *my second*; and I answered the note in the most polite manner imaginable accepting the invitation, and leaving the preliminaries to be settled by the plenipotentiaries and high contracting parties. Early in the afternoon a carriage drove to the door, containing two of my particular friends, with a request to take a ride. Supposing it was intended to talk over matters, and arrange for contingencies, the weather being exceedingly pleasant, I sprang in, and away we went as fast as two sparkling greys could carry us. In the bottom of the carriage a case of pistols lay very comfortably, and my friends informed me that we were going out of town to fire at a mark, supposing that I was rather out of practice, which was really the fact, never having, to my recollection, fired a pistol in the course of my life. We alighted in the centre of a field, and a card was pinned to a tree, and the pistols loaded, and placed in my hand at a distance of ten paces. Nothing daunted, I raised my pistol cautiously and firmly and hit the card. "Bravo—capital—try again," said my friends; and I went on firing and hitting the mark, with all imaginable coolness, *iterum atque iterum*. "You are a first rate shot," said one. "Poor devil, he will be killed," said the other, "there is no escape for him." "No standing such shots." "Pray," said I to my friends, "what kind of a person is this who I am to meet?" "A very clever fellow, of great promise, a gentleman of fortune and character, of a large and ancient family, highly esteemed and respected."

"And I am to kill him," said I to myself? Good heavens! a man who never wronged me, and to whom of course I entertained no ill will; "but the honor of my party was implicated, and he must die." I could not reconcile myself to the morality or the philosophy of this issue, but I was in the hands of my party, and of right honorable men as friends, and it was my duty I supposed to submit. The city was alive with the projected duel—we were both the lions of the day. I had not the honor of knowing my brother lion, who I was to kill the next day; I was quite sure that I had no ill will towards him, and if the honor of our respective parties had not been a question at issue, I felt confident that we both could have adjusted the difficulty over a bottle of south side Madeira, in the most pacific manner imaginable. The Police, with a strict eye to their duty, took special care to inform all the sporting characters that the affair was to come off at the race course at four o'clock, and all the gigs in town were engaged to witness the exhibition. The ladies sighed, and thought it a pity for two such nice young fellows to run the risk of killing each other, but finally they entered into the spirit of the contest, and both of us stood a chance of representing the dying Gladiators for the amusement of the audience in the Colliseum. Just at the very nick of time, when the period of negotiation had been nearly exhausted, my friend E. S. Thomas, then Editor of the City Gazette, believing that no good political results were to grow out of this duel, at a moment of great political excitement, and when the country at war with a great power, required union, concert in action, and friendly feelings among citizens, called early in the morning, on Keating Lewis Simmons, Esquire, then at the head of the Federal party, and submitted various considerations why this hostile meeting was uncalled for, and the political as well as personal consequences which might grow out of it; and it was finally arranged to call the high contracting powers together in Council, and ascertain what could be done in the premises. After a meeting, and a deliberation of four hours, it was finally agreed that there should be no meeting—that mutual explanations should be made, and the affair was honorably arranged, according to the most approved principles of duelling, and the most popular requirements of etiquette. I was entirely satisfied with the issue, having no desire to kill my antagonist, who, by the way, was a very worthy person, by the name of Toomer, since dead; nor had I any wish to be killed my myself; but the dear public, it seems, was not so well satisfied with the result—there was to be no fight after all. Pompey had harnessed the bays in the Buggy—whips, spurs, and trotting horses were all ready for the race course, to see two promising young fellows shoot each other, and so the affair is settled—the pistols are returned to the case—and the Doctor was not called upon to prepare lint, probe stick, and plaster. This humane disappointment, however, was coupled with strong suspicions pretty loudly expressed, that I, like all vaporing democrats, would rather eat than fight. This unworthy insinuation, which aroused my indignation, did not allay the political fever, and in a few days afterwards I got into a newspaper controversy with a gentleman, I believe, by the name of Crafts, and I received another little billet doux to meet him at the Race Course. To use a familiar phrase of a knight of the Race Course and Thimble Rig, I really did not know how to *head off* this invitation, when my antagonist fell sick, and the affair, like the other, was honorably adjusted. Let it be distinctly understood, gentle reader, that in these challenges to bloody conflicts, there was really in truth and in fact not the least cause or ground for a hostile meeting. It was the fashion of that day to adjust all such disputes at the muzzle of the pistol. Public opinion since that time, together with the provisions of the law, have frowned upon these sanguinary exhibitions, and now reason, good sense and good principles, have erected barriers against duelling, which, excepting on extraordinary occasions, are sufficiently powerful against such outbreaks. Still, there was a lurking suspicion in the public mind that I would not fight. That I had not the inclination or desire to shoot or be shot, was an undoubted fact, but that under any circumstances I would not fight at all was not true. Without being what was constitutionally called brave, and never willingly rushing into danger; without, in the most distant manner, being either a bully or a braggadocia, I, nevertheless, felt that I had moral courage enough to resent a positive insult, and was ready, in a good cause, to submit to what society considered an honorable mode of redressing an injury—still I labored under suspicion until at length a person, who was not a politician, was determined to ascertain whether there was good and sufficient grounds for this opinion, and picking a small quarrel with me, or upon some trifling cause, he sent me a challenge to meet him, coupled with the very cheering intelligence that he would neither accept explanation nor apology. So, here was a challenge of the most positive character—there was no evading it under existing circumstances—the challenger was a person of no consequence, still he was of a good family and possessed a good character. All those who wanted a fight, assured me he was a gentleman, although I wished from the bottom of my heart that nature and habit had made him a loafer of the first water; neither the cause nor the man were of sufficient importance for the risk; no political eclat could possibly arise from such a meeting, still there was no getting rid of it, and I accepted the invitation.

The dear public was all agog again;—there was to be a fight after all. My friends, who had hitherto stood sponsors for my bravery, surrounded me with unabated confidence. My opponents sneered and prognosticated that I should yet "creep out of it." I felt cool and determined; I would submit to no insinuations of such character, and made all the necessary preparations. I was rather indifferent to the result. I had no property to leave, no will to make, no family to provide for—I might be cut off, it is true, at an early period, and full of promise, but it was not of my seeking. Come what come may, this meeting was to take place. My friend Gov. Geddes lent me his carriage and horses, and a case of fine hair triggers. My surgeon was engaged, and the whole city was on the *qui vive* for the duel. I slept that night at the house of a friend, and several acquaintances had assembled there to set up with me, talk over the matter, and make arrangements for the morning. Sitting up with a person about to fight a duel is something like sitting up with a dead man; all was serious, solemn and grave; no witticisms, no attempt to keep up fictitious spirits. They all talked as if some important event was on the tapis. I threw myself on the bed to take a short repose, and fell into a perturbed sleep. I was restless and uneasy; tossed to and fro; hideous dreams and spectres floated in my imagination; I was awoke by hearing the servant below grinding coffee. My friends were whispering together in the alcove. I felt wretched—my lips were parched, and my head feverish and confused—I arose at dawn and took a cup of strong coffee, and all things being ready, we got into the carriage and set off for the field of honor! It was a beautiful morning—the air was pure and balsamic—the eastern sky was streaked with orange tints, and the mist was fading from the hill—the birds were singing, and the tall pines were wavering gently in the morning breeze—the world never looked more beautiful.

"The morn in russet mantle clad
Walked o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."
Shakspeare.

And I was probably about to quit this world so fresh and gay and beauteous—in the season of youth, with every bright and encouraging prospect before me, not by fell disease or decay of nature, or sudden visitation of Providence, but a victim to what was called *honor*. I was either to kill a man who had never wronged me, or meet my death at his hands without having ever wronged him. What madness, folly, and infatuation! yet tyrant custom had stamped the impress of chivalry upon such appeals, and they could not be evaded. I puffed from me several heavy sighs as these and similar thoughts passed through my mind. I felt no fear—I felt sorry for myself—I felt the same regret that I should have felt for another person in my situation. The carriage drove on rapidly, and my friends regarded me with an interest that was quite painful, and I wished the affair was over. At length we reached the appointed spot; it was a beautiful valley on a fine level piece of ground, in the neighborhood of two or three cottages—every thing looked green, fresh, and beautiful. On alighting from the carriage I found a large party of gentlemen present; some had arrived in gigs, and some on horseback, and some pedestrians, together with a few colored gentlemen, and many miscellaneous persons, drawn from the neighboring cottages, having understood that something of importance was going on. In a few minutes my antagonist and his friends made their appearance, and the necessary preparations commenced. As I was the challenged person I had the choice of weapons, distance, and position. I chose ten paces—the parties to stand back to back at that distance, and wheel and fire at the word. I chose this mode for several reasons—it was in consonance with the rules of honor, which did not necessarily claim a victim by a direct and deadly aim; it also gave a chance for both or either to escape, besides I did not wish to incur the stern gaze of my antagonist—a deadly scowl, tossing off the hat, and some melo-dramatic action for effect, to throw me off my guard or shake my nerves, as Marshall tried in the case of Webb. Not seeing my man until brought face to face by the word *fire*, and the sudden wheeling gave no advantage to either, and was deemed by all, considering the slight cause of offence, as proper and expedient. One of my seconds stepped over the ground—he had short legs, and I imagined that ten paces had actually dwindled to six. We took our stand back to back, I looked round and found that my man was not on a direct line with me, and I moved a step to the right to bring him on a level. All things were ready—the spectators looked on silently and anxiously—the question was asked "Gentlemen, are you ready?" We both answered with a clear, strong voice, *ready*. "Wheel and fire." At the word, I wheeled with an action and position which would have done no discredit to Hamlet on seeing his father's ghost; both pistols went off simultaneously. In wheeling I had a broad front view of my man, before touching the hair trigger; I looked at him—saw him reel and fall. I was transfixed to the spot—I lost all sense of my own danger—*I had killed him!* The blood of the first Cain was on my head. I awoke to a sense of my own condition, my knees smote together, and I shuddered with horror. There was considerable bustle and running among the spectators, who had crowded round the fallen man. I walked towards him; he lay on his back, with his eyes open; and to my great joy and satisfaction I heard him say, "I'll have another shot." He was only wounded; the ball had entered below the knee, and penetrated through the calf of the left leg, which was bleeding copiously. I breathed freely I was not only uninjured myself, but I had not killed my antagonist. As he could not stand to take another shot, the affair was considered as honorably ended. My surgeon extracted the ball, and bound up the wound; I loaned my carriage to the injured man; and my conduct was pronounced superfine throughout. All doubts of my courage had vanished; friends and foes shook hands with me; the police officers who came to see, not prevent the fight, mounted their nags; the carriages, chaises, gigs, and buggys, began to move from the field; and thus ended the whole *humbug*, as it really was, and with it my first duel. I had no more challenges after that affair; and I presume no one will challenge my friend Webb, in order to test his courage, after his late encounter with the apostle of temperance. Had Marshall killed Webb, I have no doubt he would have taken to the bottle again, in order to drown his grief for so uncalled for a sacrifice.

"Thus conscience makes cowards of us all."

As to duelling, I am satisfied that while it really settles no principle, very seldom redresses a wrong or preserves the injured, that it rarely or ever involves personal courage. Nine out of ten who behave well in the field, are sustained by *moral courage*—the apprehension of the world's opinion—the sneers of the base—the doubts of the unwelcome—the distrust and suspicion of your comrades. The practice, were it not for folly, rashness and hot blood in Congress, would fall into general disrepute as it should fall a monument of folly and false honor.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

My own, my true-loved Marion!
No wreath for thee I'll bring;
No summer-gathered roses fair,
Nor snow-drops of the spring!
Oh! these would quickly fade—for soon
The brightest flowers depart;
A wreath more lasting I will give—
A garland of the heart!

My own, my true-loved Marion!
Thy morn of life was gay,
Like to a stream that gently flows
Along its lovely way!
And now, when in thy pride of noon,
I mark thee, blooming fair;
Be peace and joy still o'er thy path,
And sunshine ever there!

My own, my gentle Marion!
Though 'tis a world of woe,
There's many a golden tint that falls
To gild the road we go!
And in this chequered vale, to me
A light hath round me shone,
Since thou cam'st from thy highland home
In days long past and gone!

My own, my true-loved Marion!
Cold, cold this heart shall be,
When I shall cease to love thee still—
To cheer and cherish thee!
Like ivy round the withered oak
Though all things else decay,
My love for thee shall still be green,
And will not fade away!

THE CHILD AND THE POET.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA INQUIRER AND COURIER.

"There is a Drop of Honey in every Flower."

We once heard a little child, in rambling through a garden, turn an inquiring eye upon its mother, and ask—"is there not a drop of honey in every flower, mamma?" This question, though so childish and simple, was not without poetic beauty, and the mother puzzled, yet pleased, hesitated and replied—"yes, my child; although 'tis possible that from some, the bee has not yet discovered the mode of extracting the sweet." Byron somewhere remarks that "none are all evil," that lingering round the heart is some affection or some virtue, even in the most vicious, which will make its appearance, if the proper touchstone be applied. This is doubtless true with the millions, especially in civilized life and Christian society. There are few flowers from which honey may not be extracted, there are few human souls which do not conceal some gem of feeling, pearl of benevolence, or impulse of manly virtue. With some, the touchstone is love; with others, adversity; with some, a scene of great peril; with others, the heyday of prosperity. The humblest are sometimes the possessors of the noblest virtues. The weakest vessels apparently, and woman's gentle nature, can withstand temptation longest, can undergo suffering with the greatest degree of patience, can manifest in the most eminent degree self-denial, and will peril most readily life and all that is valuable in life, for the cherished objects of love. We were struck a day or two ago, with a Card in one of the papers from the pen of Mrs. Emory, the wife of the convicted Lawyer of Boston. Some one had circulated a report that the wretched man had been unkind to her. She repelled it promptly and generously; said that whatever might have been his faults and follies in other respects, as a husband and a father he had been true to his duties; that with his children she would bear his name, and that in weal or woe, he might depend upon her undying affection. There spoke the true woman. There broke forth that devotedness which shines brightest in adversity, which perishes only with life, to be renewed and rekindled with fresher fire and holier light, in another and purer existence. The friend of prosperity is in too many cases, a mere pretender, the time-server and the hypocrite. Adversity is the true test. "It is *sorrow*," says Mrs. Jamieson, "which makes our experience. It is sorrow which teaches us to feel properly for ourselves and others. We must feel deeply before we can think rightly. It is not in the tempest and storm of passion we can reflect, but afterward—when *the waters have gone over the soul*; and like the precious gems and rich merchandise which the wild wave casts on the shore out of the wreck it has made; such are the thoughts of retiring passions. Who that has lived long and been tossed with any degree of violence among the tempests of the world—who that has one day stood on an eminence in life, and another, lingered, neglected and unknown, in one of its obscure retreats, has not tested the real nature of some of its fellow-creatures? Who has not seen the smile of the parasite in the hour of affluence, fade away as misfortunes come; while in some rare instances, benevolent hands have been stretched out as old friends abandoned, and gentle voices have whispered consolation, as friends we had served in better and brighter days, turned away with looks that froze the soul. These gentle voices and benevolent hands are to man as drops of honey in the flower. They are sometimes concealed, but not the less valuable sweets of human existence. They are springs of benevolence gushing from the original fountains of the soul, and like glimpses of sunshine amidst the shadows and storms of human existence, their warmth and beauty are the more appreciated, because of the coldness and deformity around them. They are to be found quite as frequently in humble life as in exalted; for in the former, the impulses of nature and the influences of God, are much more likely to linger than in the latter, because riches are too apt to harden the heart, and artificial forms and ceremonies to blight the early and benevolent impulses of the soul. The remarks of the child and the poet are alike true. "There is a drop of honey in every flower," and "none are all evil."

A SABBATH IN THE FOREST.

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

The following spirited account of a Sabbath in the solitudes, is taken from the remarks of Rev. John Todd, at one of the late benevolent celebrations at Boston. In the northern part of the State of New York, he said, between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, and between the Mohawk and the Hudson, there is a wilderness 150 miles long and 100 miles wide. I had no conception there was such a wilderness this side of the Mississippi. This wilderness is filled with lofty mountains, little inferior to the White Mountains of New Hampshire. On the tops of these mountains clouds gather and pour down their rains, and scatter, their snows, so that large reservoirs are needed to hold the superabundant waters. The hand of God has hollowed out a number of beautiful lakes, in the bosom of these mountains, for this purpose; and here arise the rivers which flow in various directions to the sea. In the course of the last summer, in company with a learned friend, I entered that wilderness, and penetrated to the centre, where is a beautiful lake of 20 or 30 miles in length, and several miles wide, interspersed with little islands. Here we found seven families, that lived alone. They had a little foot-path through the wilderness, so that, whenever they wanted to step into a store, to buy any necessaries, they could do so by following this foot-path *only forty-three miles*; or, if a man wants bread for his family, he has only to take his grain on his back, and go the same distance and get it ground, and then bring it back in the same way. These people were keen at hunting and fishing, but children at every thing else. But death had entered even there, and taken a beautiful girl of seventeen, who had just died with no one to administer the consolations of religion, or to perform religious services at her funeral. It was Saturday night. The sun was an hour high. When it was known that we were ministers of the gospel, two young ladies jumped into a little boat and rowed four or five miles, to tell the neighbors. The next morning was still. There was no hunting or fishing. The coons screamed unmolested after their prey. It was the first Sabbath that was ever kept there, and I was to preach. We met in a little hut covered with bark. All were there. We could not sing, for no one knew how to raise a tune. In the afternoon to accommodate a mother that had a young child, the meeting was appointed seven miles up the lake. We found them all there. One of our boats was rowed by the father, and the other by the two sisters. One old hunter came down from forty miles farther up; and he was able to raise a tune—a half hunter's and half psalm tune. What a meeting was that!" There were only 33 souls; but they came round me and said if I would come and live with them, they would give me flesh enough to eat, and stop hunting on the Sabbath. When we separated, as we got out a little way from them, there was a pause—they raised the tune and began to sing the hymn—

"People of the living God," &c.

Was I weak because I wept? These are the sheep which have strayed from our fold—the poor ones of the family, whom we are to send after.

SUMMER.

FROM THE AMARANTH.

I do not know why—I suppose the feeling is an unnatural one—but I have ever felt in Summer tenfold more lonely than at any other period of the year. When the sky above you is unfailingly bright and blue, and the sun looks down cheerily on the green earth, and all is smiling and beautiful around, does not the heart, *without in anywise its own seeking it*, feel deeply the influence of sadness and depression; and do not impetuous longings rise up within you for those who are absent, and who ought (for your enjoyment of the scene) to be with you now!

We realize, perhaps, in a dreamy vision things that were. We shadow forth from absence—from parting—from the grave itself—all that we once loved. We restore to our desolate bosom the friend that was once to us all in all; and for a season are we thus made perfectly happy.

The room in which we are sitting is perhaps the very same,—no one article of its furniture has been altered,—nay! there lie the very same books as of old, the same ornaments, the same arrangement of every thing. From the windows is seen the same tranquil prospect,—

"The river wandering of its own sweet will;"

The distant hills retiring each behind the other, until the furthest vanishes into the soft blue sky; the sloping woodland, with its rich green soil; and in the distance old Ocean asleep, "like the babe on his mother's breast." And, look, while the sun gleams down upon it, and turns its glassy surface into

"A burnished sheet of living gold."

The glorious luminary shines likewise into the old quiet room, even as it did in other times. See! it streams in through the casement, and its refracted ray forms on the opposite wall the same grotesque figures that we once remarked in company with our beloved ones. The old picture-frames create the same shadows—shadows of the same intensity, the same size, the very same shape; and it is the same season of the year, the bright glad Summer. All around us is unchanged, and as our musing fancy unconsciously takes in each particular object, and arranges them with all her quaintness; when once brought together, she calls up from the shadowy past the "old familiar faces" that we loved so well. For awhile are we happy; for now every thing is as it used to be.

But I cannot speak of the terrible revulsion of feeling which overwhelms us when we find we were but dreaming; when echo can only repeat our vain cry of lamentation, and the voices that never spoke to us but in accents of fondness, are hushed and silent forever. It may be, my reader, you have felt this agony; and a feeling so intense and so sublimely awful cannot be imaged forth in words, it is too much one of those deep indwellings of the heart.

Never more! I living friends once at this all-glorious period of the year. Give every indulgence to winter; speak of the cheerful hearth, the flow of conversation, the joyful meeting of friends—to its fullest extent will I acknowledge the greatness of these claims. But for me the gladsome day, when

"*Life simply is luxury.*"

doth call a thousandfold more for the few I love. My pulses have in them more of life; my heart is more open to sympathy; and my first emotion, as I go forth, is a yearning for their presence, and when this hope is frustrated I can solemnly say, "*I never feel so lonely as when the sun shines upon me most brightly!*"

Everlasting memories of by-gone hours, which the faithful mind preserves throughout all its journeyings; and nourishes itself upon them as the camel in the desert on the cooling streams it has drunk in days before.

ANCIENT EXAMPLES IN LAW.

FROM THE LAW REPORTER.

At Paris, one morning a hungry poor man, begging his alms from door to door, did at the last espy very good cheer at a cook's house, whereat his mouth began to water; and the spur of his stomach pricking him forward, he made as much haste toward the place as his feeble feet would give him leave: where he was no sooner come, but the pleasant smell of the meat and sauce, did catch such hold of the poor man's nose, that, (as if he had been holden with a pair of pincers) he had no power to pass from thence, until he had (to stay the fury of his raging appetite,) eaten a piece of bread which he had of charity gotten in another place. In the eating whereof his sense was so delighted with the fresh smell of the cook's meat, that though he did not lay his lips to any morsel thereof, yet in the end his stomach was so well satisfied with the smell thereof, that he plainly acknowledged to have gotten as good a breakfast as if he had there eaten his belly full of the best cheer. Which when the cook had heard, (being an egregious wrangler) he in haste steps forth to the poor fellow, lays hold on him, and in a cholerick mood bids him pay for his breakfast! The honest poor man amazed at his strange demand, could not tell what to say: but the cook was so much the more earnest, by how much he perceived the good man to be abashed at his boldness; and did so cunningly cloak the matter, that in the end the poor man was contented to refer the deciding of the controversy to whatsoever person should next pass that way, and abide his judgment. Which thing was no sooner concluded, but by and bye cometh to the place a very natural fool, and such a notorious idiot as in all *Paris* his like was not to be found. All the better for me, said the cook; for more he doubted the sentence of the wise man than a fool. Well, sir, to this foresaid judge they rehearsed the whole fact; the cook complaining, and the other patiently confessing as before. A great multitude of people were gathered about them, no less desirous to know what would follow, than wondering at that which had gone before. To conclude, this natural perceiving what money the cook exacted caused the poor man to put so much money betwixt two basins, and to shake it up and down in the cook's hearing which done, he did award, that as the poor man was satisfied with the smell of the cook's meat so the cook should be recompensed with the noise of the poor man's money. Which judgment was so commended that who so heard the same, thought, if *Cato* or *Solomon* had been there to decide the controversy, they could not have given a more indifferent or just sentence.

MORAL EDUCATION.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

The importance of religion and the insufficiency of education without it, secures morality and give permanence to free institutions. Greece was educated, but her columns fell. In the midst of the most splendid developments of Grecian genius, the eloquence of Demosthenes could not save his country, because her morals were destroyed. Respecting the moral impotence of Greece we have the testimony of Professor Meiners. "But a sad observation is this, that in the very position in which the number and extent of the acquirements and arts in which the youth were instructed increased, education itself grew worse, and that the more their minds were accomplished with beautiful and rare arts and attainments, the more their morals and hearts were corrupted." Rome, when she knew but little, was virtuous and free. On the other hand, when she knew much, she was corrupted by vice and oppressed by arbitrary power. At the most enlightened period of Italian history, previous to the despotism of the Cæsars, Cato Uticensis, despairing of the liberties of Rome, bared his bosom to his sword. We have said that the Roman education was in a moral view superior to the Athenian. The cultivation of the principle of reverence, the constant appeal to some rule of right or of decorum, and the elevation of maternal influence gave to the Roman education in this respect an advantage over the Greek. The moral tendencies of the mode of training youth at Rome were not without their salutary influence. But after all it was not these that fixed the moral character of the Romans, for that was formed by the religious institutions of Numa. It must be remembered that in the best days of both Greece and Rome, education and religion were inseparable. If the Greeks in the midst of all their science was corrupt, the reason was not indeed that they had no religion, but that their religion was corrupt. It is a mistake to suppose that the religions of Greece and of early Rome were the same. For, while the former, aiming at the imagination and not the heart, was sensual in its character and debased by the most revolting fables of the Gods, the latter contained many elements of a sound natural theology. The absence of images, the overseeing providence, if not the unity of God, the immortality of the soul, the accountability of man, and the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, were elements of the early Roman religion which gave it no small amount of moral influence. The first Romans were an eminently pious race, and *therefore* they were moral.

THE MAGDALEN.

FROM THE CARCANET.

The world forgives not her—for one offence
The world shuts mercy's gate on penitence
And like the brand which seals a villain's shame,
Forbids return to virtue and to fame.
Yet shame to those the merciless—to them
Who, proud in untried virtue, dare condemn;
To such, as still in folly's circle run,
Too dull to feel, too cold to be undone;
Or scarcely chaste in thought, yet safe from harm
Merely because they want the power to charm
Who with disgust, or mingled joy and hate,
Hear of the blighted name, the ruined fate
Of all that once was beautiful—the eye
More bright than theirs—the birth, perchance, as high;
Who still disdain the fallen Fair to raise,
But think by cruelty to merit praise;
Oh! let them know, that mercy is the grace,
Which pours a ray divine o'er mind and face,
O'er other's woes, in sorrow let them pause,
Nor while they scorn to pity, help to cause.—*Boone.*

FUN IN NORFOLK.

FROM THE PICAYUNE.

The wags in and about the good old city and borough of Norfolk, Va. says the New Orleans Picayune, are amusing themselves by "running rigs" upon a candidate they have induced to run for mayor of the corporation. They asked in the first place, Mr. John Van Gover to explain his views in a speech, which we give in his own spelling as being rather rich than otherwise:

Gentlemen—I have been Brought forward by A portion of the Citizens of this Burrough to Represent them as there Mair—the Voice of the people Can bee hard—the person that has the Majority Should obey and Serve. If I am Elected I will serve to the best of my Ability. My Friends that has Brought me forward—Can Eplain my Views more fuley than I perhaps Can at this time. I am Infavour of the Corporation Giving Liberally to the Support of the four Vollunteers Company—I am Infavour of the Ice Carts on Sunday—I am Oppose to the Right of Serch—I am Opposed to the Killeng of Dogge in the Streets in the presence of Ladies—I do Not think it Right for a Man to Muzzel his dogg and pay taxes at the same time.

After this the wags insisted upon their candidate's giving a written answer the following questions: "Free Suffrage," "Transmigration of Souls" and "Right of Search" besides others too tedious to mention. As Mr. Van Gover's views upon the above important questions are certainly *original* we are anxious to give our readers full benefit of them—so, here goes:

Free Suffrage.—It is a pity that men who had to fight in case of an invasion, shouldn't have a vote at least for town officers. It's poor pay at that.

Right of Search.—A pickpocket has as much right to search any man's pockets as the Britishers have to look after niggers in our vessels—it is about the same as a coon's looking in an oyster's mouth to see if he has no soft-shell crabs confined there. I veto the right, if there ever was any.

Transmegrification.—It has been the belief of some that the soul of a person entered animals, as a punishment for the deeds done in the body—I can't pretend to say whether it is true or not. If it is, I pity the animating spirit of Arthur's tea water horse.

"On points of faith let senseless bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

If Mr. Van Gover, who is probably one of the *first* families of Virginia, is elected, our readers shall receive the earliest information.

TWENTY-ONE.

In Morley Ernstein, James, speaking of the age of twenty-one, says:—"It is a beautiful age, full of the spring, with all the vigor of manhood, without one touch of its decay; with all the fire of youth, without one touch of its feebleness! Oh, one-and-twenty! bright one-and-twenty! wilt thou never come back to me again! No, never! The cord of the bow has been so often drawn, that it has lost its elasticity; there have been a thousand flowers cast away that have withered in the dust of Time's sandy path; there have been a thousand fruits tasted that have left but the rind in my hand; there have been a thousand travel stains acquired that never can be washed off till the journey is done. That which has been lost, and that which has been gained, have both been gathered into the two baskets of the past; and whatever the future may have in store, one-and-twenty, with its many hopes, its many fears, its buoyancy of spirits, its elasticity of limb, its eagerness of expectation, its activity of pursuit, its aspirations, its faith, its confidence, its frankness, its garden of visionary flowers, and its atmosphere of misty light, can never, never come back to us, were we to whistle till we broke our hearts. No, no; in the arithmetic of years, multiply by what numbers you will, you can never get at one-and-twenty more than once."

A CURIOSITY.

The Maine Cultivator says, "We were shown a few days since, a potatoe of the size of a small walnut, the growth of the present year. It was not, however, so much the size of this tuber which struck us as singular, as the method, or *modus operandi* of its growth. The gentleman by whom it was exhibited, and in whose veracity we have the fullest confidence, informed us that while engaged in hoeing, he noticed several hills in which no germination appeared to have taken place. Curiosity led him to an examination, and his researches developed the singular fact that in every case in which the tubers had failed to vegetate, there was one or more small potatoes attached to the parent tuber by a sort of umbilicus or fibrous chord! Some of these had attained the size above mentioned, while others were smaller, and apparently of later growth. In every instance, however, the genuine formation was clearly traceable, and the infant tubercles were perfect in their kind. We are aware that this phenomenon is easily accounted for on natural principles, and we mention it merely as something uncommon, and not as a real *lusus naturæ*, calculated to astonish the *savants*, or as a physical *arcanum*, to be solved by the learned and wise. Our solution is, that the small potatoes are the incipient product of the previous year, and that their increase in size, is the result of a natural draft if we may so express it, upon the parent stock."

Literary Varieties.

THE SKIPPING ROPE.

Sure never yet was antelope
Could skip so lightly by.
"Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
Will hit you in the eye."
How lightly whirls the skipping-rope!
How fairy-like you fly!
"Go, get you gone, you muse and mope—
I hate that silly sigh."
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
Or tell me how to die.
"There, take it, take my skipping-rope,
And hang yourself thereby."
Tennyson's Poems.

Arabian Proverbs.—The tongue often cuts the head.

If your friend is made of honey, do not eat him up.

When the cat and mice are agreed, provisions suffer.

Shave your chin carefully when your son's beard begins to grow.

If you cannot accomplish every thing, it is no reason why you should abandon every thing.

So soon as you have uttered a word, that word is your master; but as long as you have not uttered it, you are its master.

When you are the anvil, have patience; but when you are the hammer, hit hard and well.

Who does not understand a look, will not comprehend a long explanation.

Three things try the force of the mind: books, presents and messages.

The mother of a man assassinated, sleeps; but the mother of an assassin never sleeps.

The best visits are the shortest.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is a enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Scarfs at Funerals.—Among all the antiquated customs which have come down from past times, no one seems to us in worse taste than the practice of distributing scarfs, crape and gloves, at funerals. All the circumstances require that the friends of the afflicted family should come together to relieve their care and sympathize in their sorrows. Yet this custom makes the funeral an occasion for sponging the family of a shirt-pattern, gloves, &c. for each of the Rev. Clergymen who may be present,—for the doctor—and for the half dozen particular friends who are selected as pall-bearers. All this increases the care, as well as the expense of the family, who have perhaps lost their chief earthly support. We are sure that every man of generous feelings must be pained at being presented with these trappings of grave yard display, and will be glad when the custom is buried, never to rise again.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

TO A KISS.

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss!
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snow-drop, Virgin kiss!
Speaking silence! dumb confession!
Passion's birth! and infant's play!
Dove-like fondness! chaste concession!
Glowing dawn of brighter day!
Sorrowing joy! adieu's last action!
When lingering lips no more must join,
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling, so sincere as thine!

A Queer Custom.—One of the remarkable peculiarities of the Italians is, that they account the commencement of their day from sunset, and their clocks strike all the hours from one to twenty-four. According to this method of computation, the hour of noon varies every day, for the setting of the sun, or the ringing of the Ave Mary bell, is what they begin to reckon their time from; so that if the sun sets at eight o'clock, then our nine is their one o'clock; and so on till the sun sets again which is twenty-four. Few clocks, however, go further than twelve, and in many places not beyond six, and then begin again; so that when a clock strikes three at one time, it is to be understood as three, at another time as nine, at another fifteen, at another as twenty-one, and it is left to the general aspect of the day, to guide a person to decide which it is.

Reverses from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonor at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter; thy character which led the way to them shall bleed on every side of it; thy faith questioned; thy works belied; thy wit forgotten; thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, cruelty and cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes. The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there; and trust me, trust me Yorick, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.—*Sterne.*

Carlyle.—The following sentence is worthy of the space it occupies, on two accounts. In the first place it is one of the best specimens of the peculiar style of its author, and in the next it hits off duelling with admiral effect: "With respect to duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike one with more surprise. Two little visual spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the unfathomable, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon—make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round, and simultaneously by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into dissolution; and off hand become air and non extant!"

SYMPATHY WITH BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

FROM SPENSER.

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of the mind
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness
By Envy's snare, or Fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

Afflicted Gravity.—Observe that man—with what an inflexible sanctitude of deportment he sustains himself as he advances—every line in his face writes abstinence; every stride looks like a check upon his desires; see, I beseech you, how he is choked up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose; he has armor at least; why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret; and what is that? That the saint has no religion at all!—*Sterne's Sermons.*

The Yankee.—Place a New Englander on a region of rock without earth or water, our labor shall drill the solid stone, and, like the staff of the prophet, let out the gushing stream. Our perseverance shall beat the flint into small dust, and cover the whole surface with soil. The dews, and the rain, and the sunshine of Heaven, the only creatures of God left by you in amity with us, shall give to our new earth moisture and fertility; and labor, and God's blessing shall cover the whole region with verdure—with plants and trees, with corn fields and gardens, pastures and meadows.—*T. Burgess.*

Counsel.—It is not, says James, through the ear alone, nor by the written words addressed to the eye, neither by the tale, nor the fable, nor the moral, that man's heart may receive instruction, if he will but take it. There is not—I say again—there is not a sight, there is not a sound, from the flower in the valley to the cloud-covered peak of the mountain—from the sound of the lark to the thunder of the storm, which does not speak to the heart of a man sweet counsel, and wisdom without end, sinking softly, calmly, almost imperceptibly into the mind.

SOLITUDE.

Amidst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along the world's tired denizen;
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kind consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this, is solitude!—*Byron.*

The Hebrews assert, that if the Author of the Universe preferred one religion to another, that only could prevail of which he approved; because to presume such preference while we see so many different religions would be the height of impiety, as it would be supposing injustice towards those he left ignorant of his will; and they therefore conclude, that every religion is peculiarly adapted to the country and people where it is practised, and that all in their original purity are equally acceptable to God.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity: winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—*Washington Irving.*

Every man is guilty of wrong, which it would be wrong, for any other man to attempt to *right*. We cannot set *right* where we have no *right* to act. It might be good for the idle, were he compelled to labor: and for the spendthrift, were we to control his estate. But what would be attended with partial *good*, would involve universal *evil*, endangering all personal liberty and separate interest. In *righting* one man's wrong, we would wrong every man's *right*.

How cruel is a cool temper after fury! how different are the points of sight on the *same object*! In the horror of despair ferocity is taken for courage, and the fear of suffering for firmness of mind. Let a look, a surprise call us back to ourselves, and we find that weakness only was the principle of our heroism, that repentance is the fruit of it, and contempt the recompence. The knowledge of my fault, is the most severe punishment of it.

Lalla Rookh herself could not help feeling the kindness and splendor with which the young bridegroom welcomed her, but she also felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love creates; and that their best blandishments come over the heart, with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.—*Moore.*

Humility.—We very much admire the church-warden's wife who went to church, for the first time in her life, when her husband was church warden; and being somewhat late, the congregation were getting up from their knees at the time she entered, and she said with a sweetly condescending smile, "Pray keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; I think no more of myself now than I did before."

The Comedy of Life.—The world is the stage; men are the actors; the events of life form the piece; fortune distributes the parts; religion governs the performance; philosophers are the spectators; the opulent occupy the boxes; the powerful the amphitheatre; and the pit is for the unfortunate; the disappointed snuff the candles; folly composes the music; and time draws the curtain.

There is an obligation to complacency, if not, humility of manners, which the acquisition of wealth or station lays on every man, though it has often, especially on weak minds, a directly opposite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or rudeness, which from an equal we may easily pardon, from a superior becomes a serious injury.

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the warmest, the richest, the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.

Lady.—It was at first *leafdian*, from leaf, or *laf*, which signifies a loaf of bread, and *dian*, to serve. It was afterwards corrupted to *lafdy*, and at length to *lady*. So that it appears, the original meaning of the term implies, one who distributes bread. The true lady is one who feeds the poor, and relieves their indigence.

It is a well known principle in Grammar, that two negatives destroy each other, and are equivalent to an affirmation. It would be well if the same obtained in moral philosophy. If two errors were equivalent to one truth, many systems of ethics would suddenly experience a great augmentation of truth.

Virtue is both a title and an estate; a title the most exalted, because it is God who confers it; an estate the most rich, because it endures forever. Envy may not derogate the title, because it is written in the book of Heaven; and fraud cannot diminish the estate, because no sin can reach it.

It is from the use, not the possession of talents, that we get on in life: the exertion of very moderate parts outweighs the indecision of the brightest. Men possessed of the first, do things tolerably, and are satisfied; of the last, forbear doing things well, because they have ideas beyond them.

The flower enamour'd of the sun,
At his departure, hangs her head, and weeps,
And shrouds her sweetness up, and keeps
Sad vigil, like a cloister'd nun,
'Till his returning ray appears,
Waking her beauty as he dries her tears!—*Tales.*

Sincerity is an openness of the heart which is rarely to be found; that which commonly personates it is a refined dissimulation, whose end is to procure confidence. A desire to talk of ourselves, and to set our faults in whatever light we choose, makes the main of our sincerity.

By Love's delightful influence the attack of ill humor is resisted; the violence of our passions abated; the bitter cup of affliction sweeted; all the injuries of the world alleviated; and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life.—*Zimmermann.*

Uncle Toby.—He shall not die, by God! The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear on the word, and blotted it out for ever.—*Sterne.*

On scenes of public sorrow and national regret we gaze as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration: domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

It is a very common mistake in judgment, and a very dangerous one in conduct, first to look for nothing in the argument proposed to us but the motive of the man who uses it, and then to measure the truth of his argument, by the motive we have assigned to him.

Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellencies which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment, because, knowing our own defects we eagerly endeavor to supply them with artificial excellence.—*Johnson.*

Nobility is a letter of credit given you by your country, upon the security of your ancestors, in the full security that at a proper period of life, you will acquit yourself with honor for those engaged for you.—*Marmontel.*

The extreme partialities of friendship, though founded on error should never be considered as the effusions of flattery, but as proofs of affection: thus what too frequently excites vanity should strengthen esteem.

The Grotesque.—Absurd images are sometimes irresistible. I will mention two. An elephant in a coach office, gravely coming to have his trunk booked. A mermaid over a fish-kettle, cooking her own tail.

Wealth commands the eye of beauty, and the ear of greatness; gives spirit to the dull, and authority to the timorous; and leaves him from whom it departs without virtue and without understanding.—*Johnson.*

He that would pass the latter part of his days with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he once was young.—*Johnson.*

Religion refines our moral sentiments, disengages the heart from every vain desire, renders it tranquil under misfortune, humble in the presence of God, and steady in the society of men.—*Zimmermann.*

Who pants for glory, finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, and a breath o'erthrows.
Pope.

In a few weeks the passion which had so long disturbed the peace of Laura was hushed by lasting repose; but it was the repose of the land where the whirlwind has passed—dreary and desolate.

Men are in proportion wicked, as they are ignorant or envious; and the only means of eluding their mischievous intentions, is to keep out of their way.—*Zimmermann.*

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing, 'tis a good action, done as it ought to be without any cold suggestions of interest lurking at the bottom of it.—*Sterne.*

Misunderstanding and inattention create more uneasiness in the world than deception and artifice, or at least, their consequences are more universal.—*Goethe.*

The judgment and capacity which make resistance useless or impracticable, are rated much higher than even the resolution which overcomes it.—*Junius.*

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue, where patience, honor, sweet humanity, and calm fortitude take root and strongly flourish.—*Mallet.*

She seemed so pure, that I thought Heaven borrowed her fair form for virtue's self to wear, to gain her lovers with the sons of men.—*Young.*

Violent asseverations, or affected bluntness, look not more suspicious than strained sanctity, or over offended modesty.—*Zimmermann.*

He was brave, violent, and weak of intellect, the three most essential qualities to influence a man, either to send, or to accept a challenge.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself has its stated limits, which, not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

Never was that man merry that had more than one woman in his bed, one friend in his bosom, one faith in his heart.

When God speaks of rewarding virtue, it is with everlasting life. Like happiness, it needs nought but perpetuity.

A Jew is a plant that seems suited for every soil, and generally thrives best where the pruning knife is most applied.

The loquacious exultation of anticipated success is often a powerful obstacle to its attainment.—*Bissell.*

A good name is the embalming of the virtuous to an eternity of love and gratitude among posterity.—*N.*

Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy.—Affectation the chosen trappings of folly.—*Johnson.*

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then betray it.

To accomplish much, a man must live as if he were immortal.

Not to forget our misfortunes is in a manner to merit them.

The Olio.

MINGUILLO.

Since for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling,—
Give me back my kiss, I pray.
If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may,
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That she may have naught to say.
Do—she keeps so great a bother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave,
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.
Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you give, but two you take;
Give me back the two, my darling,
Give them for my mother's sake.

Credible Story.—A late German newspaper gives the following credible narrative:

In an imperial city, lately a criminal was condemned to be beheaded, who had a singular itching to play at nine-pins. While his sentence was pronouncing he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then he said he should submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot, he found every thing prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl being ready. He played with no little earnestness; but the Sheriff at length, seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he raised himself to see what had occurred; he immediately aimed at the nine, conceiving that it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine falling, the head loudly exclaimed, "By G—d I have won the game."

Anecdote of T. C. Grattan.—Mr. Grattan is a large sized man, of more than middle age, and of rather peculiar personal appearance. His nose, so far from having any royal prominence, is quite the reverse, being flat. We have heard it related that a landlady with whom he once boarded took an unaccountable dislike to him at the first interview. He remained an inmate of her family a considerable time, and on quitting her residence her ladyship ventured to tell him what had been her feelings at first, very cautiously contrasting them with her subsequent impression. "It was a long time, Mr. Grattan," said she, "before I could *get over your nose*." "That is not to be wondered at, Madam," he replied, "for there is *no bridge* to it."

Psalms and Hims.—A late number of the Glasgow Courier says, that a maiden lady, suspecting her female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty, and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking with her down stairs. "Oh, no ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only *me* singing a psalm." "You may amuse yourself, Betty," replied the maiden, "with Psalms; but let's have no *Hims*, Betty; I have a great objection of *Hims*." Betty curtsied, withdrew, and took the hint.

A Repartee.—A good bit of wit once transpired in our House of Legislature, which perhaps has not yet appeared in print.

"Sir," said the member from Assumption, "I am here the proud representative of my constituents; I am here, from the Parish of Assumption, and while I stand upon the floor, I abid Assumption are of a piece."

"Yes," said an honorable member opposite, "and you are the d—st piece of Assumption that ever was heard of."—*Picayune.*

Led Astray.—A good story was recently told at a temperance meeting in New Hampshire. A stranger came up to a Washingtonian with the enquiry, "Can you tell me where I can get something to drink?" "Oh, yes," said the other, "follow me." The man followed him through two or three streets, till he began to be discouraged. "How much farther must I go?" said he. "Only a few steps farther," said the Washingtonian, "*there's the pump!*" The man turned about and *vanished.*

THE HAPPY PAIR.

Says Dick to Jack, "Your neighbors say
You wrangle with your wife each day."
"Poo, poo," says Jack, "they only joke;
'Tis now a fortnight since we spoke."

A Coonskin Anecdote.—A young democrat, taking a liking to a whig lady, bucked up and pressed suit. One evening, (several young whigs being present,) she asked him if he was not afraid to address such a strong whig as she was? "Why," says she, "you see I have a *log cabin* on one side of my apron, and a *hard cider barrel* on the other. This was a stumper; but plucking up courage, says he, "well, show me the *coon skin* and I'm off."

The last bon-mot in circulation amongst the wits of Paris is excellent. An author who had written several wretched tragedies was asked why he did not apply his talents to the composition of a comedy. "Because," he replied, "after reading Moliere I had not the temerity." "What a pity," answered his tormentor, "that you never read Racine."

Anecdote.—An old gentleman of eighty years having taken to the altar a young damsel of about sixteen, the clergyman said to him "The font is at the other end of the church." "What do I want of the font?" inquired the old gentleman. "I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

Roads in Greece.—Rev. Dr. Olver, writing from Greece, says "there are not fifty miles of road in Greece over which it would be practicable to drive a waggon." We should think that the roads in *Greece* ought to be as "slick as ile." Why, there is one part of it that is a *perfect isle of Rhodes!*

Good Size.—There is said to be a woman in Worcester so large, and who sleeps in a room so small, that she is obliged to go into another room to turn over. There is also a family in that town so large that they couldn't all have the measels at once; there wasn't enough to go round.

Wellerisms.—"Comin' through the rye," as the whiskey said while being distilled from the grain.

"You're a wag," as the dog said to his tail.

"An unconnected *tale*," as the rat remarked while viewing his nether extremity in a steel trap.

When we see birds at the approach of rain, anointing their plumage with oil, to shield off the drops, should it not remind us, when the storms of contention threaten us, to apply the oil of forbearance, and thus prevent the chilling drops from entering our hearts.

Report from Rhode Island.—A Miss Louisa Cannon has, under the blessing of *Providence*, become the wife of one Herman Firedoff. She met *Her-man*, and Firedoff met his *match*; so at least one *Cannon* has been *Firedoff* in Rhode Island!

"Can you tell which is my natal star?" asked a young gentleman, who designed to quiz a young lady who was addicted to astronomy. "Yes," replied the lady, "it is the constellation cassiopia." "And what is the name of it." "Caph."

The Picayune says, that in Georgia a man receives promotion according to the number of *rattlesnakes* he has killed. A thousand gives him the rank of general—*one* makes a major of him—hence the number of Georgia majors.

At the entrance of one of the palaces of London, they are making a gate to be called "Albert's Gate," in honor of the King consort. This to be even with the French, who have several *Louis d'or's*.

Tender-Hearted.—"Sam," said a tender-hearted mother to her dear little son, "what on earth did you throw the kitten into the well for?" "Oh, cos I crazy." "Come to your ma, you little cherub."

Staymaker's Pun.—A poor corsetmaker out of work, and starving, thus ventured her miserable complaint: "Shame that I should be without bread; I, that have stayed the stomachs of thousands."

Queer Notions.—Greenlanders suppose that thunder is caused by two old women flapping seal skins in the moon; and the Aurora Borealis owing to the spirits of their fathers frisking at foot ball.

Celebrated Lip Salve.—The best lip salve in creation is a sweet kiss. The remedy should be used with great care, however, as it is apt to bring on an *affection of the heart*.

Six Dandies fell into apoplectic fits yesterday, in Royal street, on hearing that their tailor had determined to do a cash business. This is sad news; and will raise the price of straps.

An old bachelor says, "If you see a man or woman, with little or no occasion, often finding fault and correcting one another in company, you may be sure they are man and wife."

Flirtation.—A fashionable amusement for killing time, much in vogue everywhere, with old as well as young, played sometimes for sport, sometimes with forfeits.

"What are you driving at?" as the little nigger chanted when the dray ran over him. "Two dollars a day and roast beef," said the drayman.

A Bull.—An Irishman cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy on his account, *as he is not married to her*.

Sweet.—A Western Editor says that nothing is sweeter than the warm and ardent kiss from one we love unless it is molasses.

English Grammar.—"Did it rain to-morrow?" asked the Dutchman. "I guess it was," replied the Frenchman.

Not a bad Pun.—"Be-ware," as the potter said to the lump of clay. "I'll be *burnt* first," responded the mud.

Some Persons are so quick of comprehension that they never really *learn* any thing.

To Allay Hunger.—Eat a pound of beefstake, and a ten cent loaf of bread.

Every body, says Charon, ought to live seriously, attentively and joyously.

Work of Mercy.—Unhooking a young lady's frock to enable her to sneeze.

Difficult Punctuation.—Putting a *stop* to a woman's tongue.

A Secret.—Any thing made known to every body in a whisper.

Reflection.—Contemplating one's person in a looking-glass.

To Preserve Your Appetite.—Never go near the kitchen.

A Martyr.—A gentleman subject to the gout.

GRAHAM'S
LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE.

A New Volume.—July, 1842.

This work is designed, as its title indicates, for both ladies and gentlemen. It has a corps of writers unequalled in genius and reputation by those of any periodical in the old or new world. It is printed with new and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and quality, and

Its Splendid Embellishments

are unsurpassed by any which have ever graced the periodical publications in our language. Indeed, in every thing connected with Art, Taste and Beauty, it is universally acknowledged to have *led the way*, and surpassed every magazine of the day. It is intended that in this respect the present volume shall excel all its predecessors; and extensive arrangements have, with that view, been entered into with the most eminent artists, for a profusion of costly illustrations of every description. In the department of

Mezzotint Engravings,

the proprietor has the satisfaction to be able to state that he has made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, whose exquisite productions have already added so much to its beauty, by which he will SECURE HIS SPLENDID MEZZOTINTS FOR THIS PERIODICAL ALONE—he being pledged to furnish plates to no other publisher without our permission. Next to Mr. SARTAIN, the most accomplished artist in the same department of engraving in America, is Mr. SADD, of New York, with whom, to prevent any possibility of disappointment, contracts have also been made; so that we can confidently promise A MEZZOTINT PLATE IN EVERY NUMBER. These admirable works will therefore constitute a FEATURE in GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, in which no competition from other sources will be possible. The MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS, as every artist is aware, are the most expensive that can be furnished for a work with a very large circulation, both from the fact that the cost of printing them is more than twice as great as that of printing ordinary line engravings, and from the necessity of reduplicating the plates,—our edition compelling us to have five or six of every one used in any number. Of our last volume we issued a larger impression than was published by any of our cotemporaries; and of the present we print an edition UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF PERIODICALS—

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In compliance with the almost unanimous wish of our lady subscribers, we shall continue to furnish them with beautiful and correct plates of FASHIONS, and shall also give the style for gentlemen, which has hitherto been so decidedly popular with all parties, and has rendered the work the TEXT BOOK OF FASHION throughout the continent. These, however, will in no way interfere with the regular series of splendid and choice engravings, and procured of popular music which accompany each number, as we shall not suffer the Magazine to be surpassed in the *number* or *beauty* of its illustrations by any other work, but shall maintain the position we have assumed, of excelling all others in richness, beauty, excellence, and variety of embellishments.

Literary Character of the Work.

Of the literary character of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE it is almost unnecessary to speak. The high reputation it has hitherto maintained, might alone be deemed a sufficient guarantee of its future course. Yet, that our readers may perceive that, while making such extraordinary efforts to place it beyond competition as a magazine of Art and Fashion, we are no less mindful of the propriety and policy of keeping it AT THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN PERIODICALS in all the departments of letters, we present a list of our engaged contributors, with the confident assertion that no work in Europe or America can boast such an array of genius and talent.

Writers for Graham's Magazine.

William Cullen Bryant, author of "The Ages," and other Poems.
Henry W. Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," "Outre Mer," "Ballads and other Poems," etc.
Charles Fenno Hoffman, Author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," etc.
Henry William Herbert, Author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," "The Maid of Orleans," "Ringwood the Rover," etc.
William Falconer, Author of "Translations from Cotemporary French and German Poets," "Residence in the Isle of France," etc.
S. G. Goodrich, author of "Sketches from a Student's Window," "Fireside Education," the "Peter Parley" works, etc.
William Gilmore Simms, Author of "Guy Rivers," "Pelayo," "Southern Passages and Pictures," etc.
James Russell Lowell, Author of "A Year's Life, and other Poems," "Old English Dramatists," etc.
Frederick W. Thomas, Author of "Clinton Bradshaw," "Howard Pinckney," "East and West," etc.
Cornelius Mathews, Author of "The Politicians," "The Motley Book," "Puffer Hopkins," etc.
Douglas Jerrold, (of England) Author of "Cakes and Ale," "The Hangman of Paris," etc.
Rev. Walter Colton, Author of "Constantinople and Athens," "Ship and Shore," etc.
Hon. Mrs. Norton, of England, author of "The Undying One, and other Poems," etc.
J. H. Ingraham, Author of "The Southwest," "Lafitte," "Burton, or the Sieges," etc.
H. T. Tuckerman, Author of "Rambles and Reveries," "Isabelle or Sicily," etc.
Rufus Dawes, Author of "Athenia of Damascus," "Nix's Mate," "Geraldine," etc.
Edgar A. Poe, Author of "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," etc.
Theodore S. Fay, Author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida," etc.
Rufus W. Griswold, Author of "The Poets and Poetry of America," etc.
Albert Pike, Author of "Hymns to the Gods," "Sketches and Poems," etc.
Robert M. Walsh, Author of "Distinguished Characters of France," etc.
George P. Morris, Author of "Deserted Bride," "Maid of Saxony," etc.
Mrs. Mona Brooks, author of "Tophiel, or the Bride of Severn," etc.
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